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THE

RIVAL ROSES;

OR

WARS

OF

YORK AND LANCASTER.

A METRICAL TALE.

I wish to tune my quivering lyre
To deeds of arms, and notes of fire,
To echo from its rising swell,
How heroes fought, and kinsmen fell;
But still, to martial strains, unknown,
My lyre recurs to LOVE, alone.

INSCRIBED, BY PERMISSION, TO HER GRACE
THE DUCHESS DOWAGER OF RUTLAND.

IN TWO VOLS.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for the Author; Sold by J. J. STOCKDALE, No. 41, Pall-Mall,

1813.



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TO HER GRACE

THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF RUTLAND,

The following Poem

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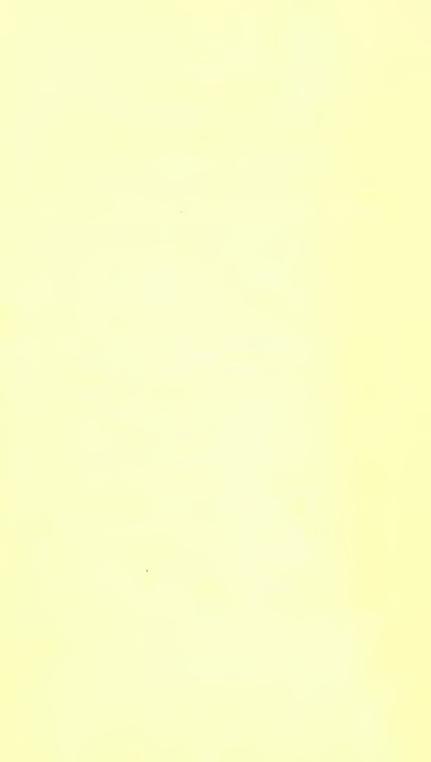
Most obliged,

most obedient,

and most humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

London, 1st. June, 1813.



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THE

RIVAL ROSES;

Sc. Sc.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

Loup, o'er the turrets of Glenmore,

The spirits of the tempest roar;

With ardent ire,

Set ether in a blaze;

Swiftly urge the lightning's fire,

And dart along its quivering rays.

II.

Upon her couch, reclined,

Sate Glenmore's haughty dame,

Unheard, by her, the whistling wind;

Unseen the lightning's flame;

Unmarked the thunder's deep'ning roll;

For England's woes absorbed her soul.

III.

Fierce discord stalked throughout the land,
And tossed aloft her fiery brand;
Horror, with tresses dipped in gore,
Bade shricks resound from shore to shore;
And faction, versed in fraudful guile,
Bade patriot blood, fair Albion's fields, defile.

IV.

Not then, as in this happier day, Did England own a Brunswick's sway: Then flourished fair the 'Rose of snow,' Triumphant o'er its ruddy foe; And hapless Henry mourned the fate, That, o'er him, cast the robe of state, And placed, within his feeble hand, The sceptre of a mighty land. If lowly born, had HENRY been, No woes had gloomed his closing scene; Contented he had trod the plain, An artless, happy, rural swain: Or heaven been pleased that he should dwell, The inmate of a holy cell,

Serenely then his days had roll'd,

His fame had vied with saints of old;

For gentle, pious, just, and kind,

To worldly interest only blind,

As priest or shepherd he had shone;

But wanted powers to guard a throne.

V.

Musing o'er Henry's fallen fate,

And dropping oft the pensive tear,

The dame of Glenmore castle sate,

Nowpressed with anguish, and now moved with fear;

While Isadore, a maid of matchless grace,

With dazzled eyes beheld th'illumined space.

VI.

Sprung from no vulgar race she seem'd,

Tho' mystery's veil upon her birth was thrown,

From her bright form, what grace ethereal gleam'd!

What countless beauties, to herself unknown!

While, in the azure of her lucid eye,

Unnumber'd charms in secret ambush lie.

VII.

A harp now flings its magic on her ear;

Then o'er the sound the rising gusts prevail;

The blasts subside, and lo! the harp is near:

Fair Isadore, in mute attention, stands,

And the soft strain her inmost soul commands.

VIII.

Echoes unusual float around;

Laughter fills the vaulted hall;

The harp pours forth a merry sound,

And dancing footsteps nimbly fall;

With peals of mirth, the tones they drown.

The lady, with an angry frown,

Summoned straight her vassal crew,

To learn whence their rude mirth they drew.

IX.

And why, she cried, does mirth invade
This ancient castle's solemn shade?

"Pardon, great lady," BERTRAM cried,
"Tis long since joy here held his reign:
By chance a minstrel youth I 'spied,
Wand'ring benighted on the plain;
Pity then touched my aged breast,
I hailed, and bade him here to rest;
Then, as he lightly swept the strings,
The hall with echoing music rings:
Ah! lady, let him here abide,
Lest ill, this night, the youth betide."

X.

"BERTRAM, 'tis well!" the lady said,
And slowly raised her drooping head,

"But haste, and hither lead the boy,
Who, in this castle, dared presume
To bid th'unhallowed note of joy
Echo thro' the solemn gloom."

XI.

He comes! "art thou," the Countess cries,

"The minstrel youth, whose touch profane,
Bade, from the lyre, those sounds arise,
And waked the mirth-inspiring strain?"
She paused; the youth, with graceful air,
Bowed low to Glenmore's stately fair—
While Isadore, in pleased amaze,
Regards the youth with fixed surprize;
Then turning from his ardent gaze,
Casts on the ground her modest eyes,

And feels her heart responsive thrill,

To his sweet harp's melodious trill;

Well could his touch the strain prolong:

And thus arose the minstrel's song.

Welody.

Ye tales of love, that from my lyre,

Were wont to flow in softest measure,

For you no more the strings respire,

Nor wake they now to notes of pleasure.

Resounding thro' th'affrighted isle,

The clang of war is heard alone,

Each hill and vale, and massy pile,

Re-echoes still the martial tone.

Ah! marked ye where the battling host

Together clashed with thundering jar,

When many a chief with haughty boast,

Led on his vassal train from far?

'Twas then, upon Northampton's field,

Many a gallant warrior died,

Each flashed on high his burnished shield,

And boldly each his foe defied.

I saw, amidst the blaze of day,

The hosts advancing to the fight,

Elate they marched in trim array,

Lordly chief, and 'squire, and knight.

I passed the spot when night and gloom

And fearful silence reign'd around,

Chief, 'squire, and knight had met their doom,

And slept the sleep of death profound.

Mourn, Britain, mourn thy nobles slain,
Thy monarch's fallen fate deplore,
Within his tent a captive ta'en,
Nor throne nor sceptre owns he more.
The red rose fades, the snowy foe,
With the bright blush of conquest glows,
Lancastrian Henry sinks in woe,
For victory crowns the rival rose.

XII.

The cadence soft, the grander swell,

Evinced a master's power to please,

The Countess praised his matchless skill,

His volant touch, or flowing ease:

Said he might in her castle dwell,

And bide, or leave at his free will.

XIII.

- " Lady, that boon is great indeed;

 Accept my thanks," he then replied,
- "Yet in three days I hence must speed,
 Nor longer in these towers abide."
- "Your pleasure use," the dame returned;
 - " But stay, thy history unfold—

Dost thou a minstrel's life pursue?

Thy mien becomes a hero bold;

Thy valor is thy country's due,

Why is the warrior's laurel spurn'd?"

XIV.

"Lady, my history would'st thou know,
Suffice, I am the child of woe;
For me, alas, no laurels bloom,
Misfortune, only, is my doom."
The fire that lighted up his eye,
The blaze of genius, sank before despair,
From his pale cheek the roseate graces fly,
Immersed in thought, he stood, a statue fair,
So fixed, immoveable, and mute his air.

XV.

The lady marked his musing mood,

She sighing viewed him as he stood;

Once only had she known before

A face so sweet, a form so fine;

While the bewildered Isadore,

But that the oft repeated sigh,

The pallid cheek and fading eye,

Were emblems of mortality,

Had fancied him of race divine.

XVI.

Opprest with dangerous sympathy,

The maiden heaved a pitying sigh,

Which re-illum'd the minstrel fire.

The sweet musician wakened from his trance,

Snatched to his hand his sleeping lyre;

On Isadore he cast a glance,

Whose kindling ardor seemed to say, Pity, with love I will repay.

XVII.

The harp respired, and soft, and slow,

The sounding chords, the rising notes,

Sweetly prolonged, with strong impressive flow;

The Virgin's hymn in lofty echoes floats,

And gives each breast a warmer, holier glow;

When softly died the solemn sound,

He graceful made obeisance round;

But lingering, looked a fond adieu,

And then receded from their view.

XVIII.

The elemental war no more

Raged o'er the time-moss'd towers,

The spirits' furious ire was o'er,

And hushed their angry powers.

Emerging from a sable cloud,

The night's pale empress now arose,

And cast her beams on Glenmore's gloomy pile.

Nature around seemed wrapt in calm repose,

Yet slept not Glenmore's lady proud,

Yet fled from Isadore, sweet sleep awhile.

XIX.

Why sleeps not the haughty dame?

Why do her feet so often trace

Her lofty chamber's ample space?

Alas! her frequent start, her feverish glow,

Her tears, too sure the tears of woe,

Her heart, a prey to grief, proclaim.

XX.

His feathery pinion wont to shade?

Say why on sable wing he flies,

From Glenmore's fair and matchless maid?

The latent cause I must declare,

'Twas love had gain'd an influence there.

And why does sleep forsake those eyes

XXI.

Still on the maiden's raptured ear,

The minstrel's accents murmuring stole;

The minstrel's glance, to memory dear,

Still shot its radiance o'er her soul;

His graceful form and tuneful art,

Might well, deep interest impart.

XXII.

At length descends night's argent queen

Behind the English Apennine,

And Isadore then sought repose;

Still, in the vision of the night,

Array'd in fancy's radiant vest,

In every charm of beauty drest,

With more than mortal graces bright,

The minstrel's shadowy form arose.

XXIII.

Two days had winged their rapid flight,

The next, when dawned the morning light,

From Glenmore would the minstrel go;

And not the dame's kind courtesy,

Nor Isadore's intreating eye,

Could stay this son of mystery,

This cloud-wrapt 'child of woe.'

XXIV.

Armyn, the doubtful stranger's name;
In truth he was a gallant wight,
So brave his mien, the pensive dame,
Oft fancied him a wandering knight,
That, in disguise, thus sought to know
Who to his party was friend or foe.

XXV.

The choice retreat of Isadore,

Was an old and mould'ring tower;

In rude heaps, rough fragments lay,

And broken columns strewed the way;

While rapid Derwent's dashing wave,

Reflected, in his silver tide,

The pile his waters loved to lave,

With antique arches' ruined pride.

XXVI.

Reclining on a pedestal

That once a war-plumed statue bore,

Seeming to mark the river's swell,

Or gaze upon th' indented shore,

With musing air the maiden stood;
Yet thought she not of Derwent's flood,
Nor mark'd his winding bank so green:
Its varied beauties were unseen.

XXVII.

Her radiant locks of waving gold,

Floated upon the buoyant gale,

Which first displac'd the graceful fold,

Then wafted off her light-wove veil;

No friendly shade remain'd to hide

Of joy and love, the vermeil tide,

When Armyn's graceful form she spied.

XXVIII.

He view'd her o'er with kindling eye,

Then eager spoke with ardor high;

"What secret cause, oh, maid divine!

Could make that orient blush arise?

And whence the brilliant beams that shine,

Within those ever-charming eyes?

'Twas not disdain, say was it joy?

My fears relieve or hopes destroy.''

XXIX.

Confus'd, surpris'd, the youthful fair
Blush'd as his tale of love he told;
No more he wore a brow of care,
A brighter future seem'd unroll'd;

For all deceit, all art above,

The blooming maiden own'd her love.

XXX.

Then Armyn vowed, "thy rolling tide,
Oh, rapid Derwent, flows away;
And yonder tower's stately pride,
Now sinks in ruinous decay;
But, oh, my love shall firmly stem
The tide of ill, or stream of woe,
And, as yon watchlight's fluttering flame,
Thro' life's long day shall brightly glow."

XXXI.

And ne'er will absence have the power

To make my love for thee decay;

Yet, oh, dear, beauteous Isadore,

No more at Glenmore can I stay:

To-morrow I must hence "—the maid

Averted then her tear-dewed face;

He soothed her fears, and hushed her grief,

Breathed hopes that time would bring relief,

And clasped her in a fond embrace.

XXXII.

With blushes, bursting from his arms,

She bade a hasty, sweet farewell,

Then, with a sigh, that seemed to tell,

All love's regrets, and fond alarms,

As shoots a silver star its ray,

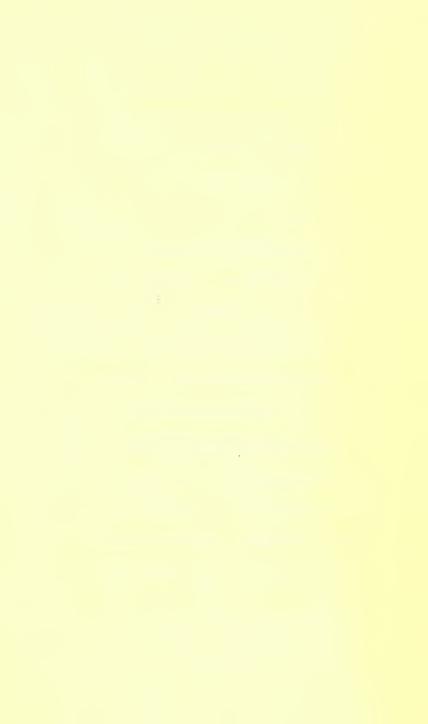
When darting thro' the sky,

Its falling glories glancing play;

From the rapt Minstrel's gazing eye,

The beauteous maiden fled away:

Her lover sped at dawn of day.



CANTO SECOND.

I.

The harp's sweet sound, that lately broke
The silence of old Glenmore's towers,
No more in pleasing strains awoke
Long dormant echo's mimic powers:
But all a stiller horror wore,
More solemn seemed the silent gloom;
That radiant flash but shewed the more
How dismal was that living tomb:

For, as the lightning's sudden flame,
Dazzling and bright, the minstrel came,
And, as that flame recedes, anon,
Th' enchanting minstrel soon was gone.
Yes, he was gone! and not a trace
Bore record of young Armyn there,
Yet all remembered Armyn's grace
And wished again his harp to hear.

II.

And often by the Derwent's flood,

Fair Isadore would weep and sigh:

'Twas on that spot the minstrel stood,

When last he met the maiden's eye;

'Twas there he vowed for aye to love,

'Twas there she did his suit approve.

The Countess saw the fair one grieve,
And wished she could her woes relieve,
For she had marked their mutual flame,
And pitied, what she could not blame.

III.

She sought the maid, and gently led

To where a fragment formed her seat;

"I too," she cried, "have inly bled,
And shed sad tears in this retreat;

Oh, Isadore, by nature framed

For all that's gentle, good, and fair,

I feel affection by thee claimed,
And will my early life declare."

The maiden cast a wondering gaze,

Delighted at the novel praise,

And much she longed to hear the tale, Which to her mind should then unveil Those many sorrows, griefs, and woes, That had disturbed the dame's repose.

IV.

The Lady's Story.

Gayly and featly in Raby's towers,

Music inspired the sprightly dance;

Not then enslaved by jarring powers,

Compatriots darted hostile glance.

No! all was happiness and peace,

Oh! days of transport, and of love,

When will your dear remembrance cease!

Ne'er, till I reach yon world above!

V.

Montorran graceful, led the ball,

Myself his partner in the hall:

Each maiden was with envy moved,

For none like Gertrude then was loved,

But one alone, by passion fired,

To poison bliss like ours desired,

'Twas cruel Clifford's sister vain,

Who sought Montorran's love to gain.

VI.

The daughters of the Neville race,

Adorned the scene with matchless grace,

Sweet Ellen, Percy's gentle fair,

And beauteous Cicely were there,

With noble Dacre's lovely dame,

Who knew De Clifford's envious aim;

They marked her soft insidious snare,

The downcast glance, and gentle sigh;

They saw her ever-watchful care,

T' attract Montorran's brilliant eye.

VII.

They told me of her luring wiles,

And feared the fair might work me woe:

Lost on Montorran were her smiles,

And I, secure, contemn'd my foe:

But oft, when least an ill we dread,

The deadliest woes around us spread:

My sire to Raby's turrets came, Then, famed in war, was Fitzhugh's name.: At Agincourt, he bravely fought, And many a gallant deed he wrought; And all his actions plainly told, How well he lov'd his Monarch bold. Still loyal to brave Henry's line, In arms Fitzhugh wasseen to shine. The triumph of Crevant he shar'd, And at Verneul the foe he dar'd; A braver, than my noble sire, Fierce valor's flame could ne'er inspire. This tribute, from his child, is due To th' mem'ry of the great Fitzhugh.

VIII.

With him there came, ah! woe to me!

The haughty chief of Glenmore's line;

A knight, renown'd in arms, was he,

No grace he own'd, no manners fine;

Rude, rough, impetuous, daring, bold,

He scorn'd each gentler courtesy;

He vaunted oft his heart was cold,

And ever, ever, would be free.

IX.

'Twas my hard fate t' unloose the ice,

That his cold frozen bosom bound;

And I with wonder and surprize,

Glenmore's proud lord, my suitor, found.

Blest in Montorran's ardent love,

With youth and beauty proudly gay,

By high disdain I sought to prove,

I little reck'd my new-born sway.

Vindictive fury's smothered flame,

In Glenmore's stormy bosom raged,

He knew Montorran's prior claim,

He saw our plighted love engaged:

Yet meditated, o'er the bowl,

To feast the rancor of his soul.

X.

The banquet reign'd, gay pleasure smil'd, And mirth the midnight hour beguil'd,

When GLENMORE, with a moody frown, Thus sought, our rising mirth, to drown; For well he knew the monarch's name, Would waken rancor's dormant flame. " Health to our king," he loudly cried, "Long may he live the nation's pride; Yet much I fear, and grieve to say, He will not long the sceptre sway; He's sinking to an early grave, To public cares, he dies, a slave." " And think you then the land will sigh When HENRY's spirit seeks the sky? If well we search the kingdom round, Than him, an abler, may be found!" York thus replied, nor touch'd the glass; Unhonor'd did the goblet pass.

XI.

" Oh! rest his soul," MONTORRAN cried. " Much he belies his valiant sire; Oh where is Monmouth's gallant pride, Or his more youthful frolic fire?" MONTORRAN first the goblet prest, And pass'd it on, with sportive glee; Myself he gaily then addrest, " Oh! drink success to love and me, Pledge not you earl;"—from Oswald's hand, The fatal glass I, blushing, took, With answering smile, and action bland; When GLENMORE, with a furious look, The half-rais'd goblet dash'd away: The red streams, o'er my garments, stray.

XII.

"No! no! proud maid!" said Glenmore's earl,
A draught, so sweet, shall ne'er be thine!

Montorran's lip, disdainful girl!

To nectar, chang'd, the ruby wine,

While I may hopelessly adore

And Gertrude's love, in vain, implore;

Her favor, ne'er must hope, t'enjoy,

And still be slighted for a boy.

XIII.

The indignation he inspir'd,

Glanc'd from brave Warwick's flashing eye,

And thus, with generous ardor, flr'd,

Nevil return'd him answer high.

"And is it so, thou warrior fierce,

That thou a maiden's heart would'st pierce?

Wherefore dost thou, in Raby's hall,

Disturb our mirth with ill-timed brawl?

For this rash conduct, Glenmore, know,

Warwick henceforward is thy foe."

XIV.

On lov'd Montorran's hand I hung,

To him I shudd'ring, sorrowing clung;

With lofty air and frowning brow,

He forth his glittering weapon drew,

I shriek'd "oh! Oswald hear me now,

Let not his blood thy hands imbrue,

Nor e'er, for me, contention vain, Fair Raby's peaceful walls distain. "GERTRUDE!" he cried, "thy sweet controul, Has often, from thy Oswald's soul, Chas'd passion's heat, and sorrow's sigh; But now must soft remembrance fly; Thy Oswald now, can only feel, (And vengeance fierce my nerves shall steel), That thou my peerless love art wrong'd, And to myself revenge is due-" " No more be vows and sighs prolong'd, For Gertrude's hand in vain thou'lt sue." Lord FITZHUGH this his will declar'd, While GLENMORE's visage grimly glar'd.

XV.

"With life alone will I resign The fair whose love and vows are mine!" My Oswald said; Lord Fitzhugh cried, "GERTRUDE! thou art thy father's pride, But, dare Montorran 'gain to see, Thy father's curse attend on thee!" O'ercome with woe, and new alarms, I fainted in Montorran's arms. Now, in that hall, where lately bloom'd Mirth, peace, and pleasure, love, and joy, Those gentle powers were soon entomb'd, By demons who their reign destroy.

XVI.

Rancor, and hate, discord and rage,

Began their loud-ton'd war to wage;
With steadfast air and dauntless mien,
Montorran still my form sustains,
Re-animation faintly seen,
Steals softly thro' my fear-chill'd veins.
"Gertrude!" he cried, "hence let us fly,
With thee I'll live, for thee I'd die."
His waving sword on high was gleaming,
And on his brow his plum'd-helm beaming,
With me, his prize, uncheck'd by all,
He swiftly left the fatal hall.

Fix'd in amaze the chieftains stand:

For wonder seiz'd the warlike band.

XVII.

Each court now cross'd, each barrier past, One look on Raby's walls I cast; To friendship gave a ling'ring sigh, And filial tears suffus'd mine eye. With haste, out-stripping far the wind, Soon Raby's towers we left behind; Nor did Montorran's speed give o'er, Until we reach'd the ocean's shore. For Gallia's coast, a vessel bound, For favoring breezes waits, The wind is fair, a welcome sound, Soon echoes from her joyous mates.

We join the vessel's gallant crew,

Before brisk gales, soon o'er the main,

The bark swift-sailing, lightly flew,

And Gallia's land we quickly gain.

XVIII.

Behold me now Montorran's bride;

By him I lov'd, caress'd, ador'd;

Yet oft I trembled, wept, and sigh'd,

For fear of Glenmore's vengeful sword;

And still Lord Fitzhugh's threat'ning vow,

Rang in my tortur'd ear;

Nor are forgotten, even now,

Those words I almost died to hear.

Where myrtles form an od'rous shade

Waving o'er Durance' azure tide,

To calm my anxious heart I stray'd.

Seldom I left my Oswald's side,

But, could I bear to wound his heart,

With sorrow's agonizing dart,

And unavailing grief?

I hoped that sighs and tears of woe,

Indulg'd in sad luxurious flow,

Would give my o'er-fraught mind relief.

XIX.

An infant boy increased my care,

I feared he was misfortune's heir;

My mind, with pining anguish, fraught, Whither I stray'd I heeded nought; My streaming eyes, to heaven, I raise, And, worn with sorrow, heave a groan, " Who thus her wretchedness betrays, And with her sighs disturbs my own?" A voice demands: and straight appears, A hoary sire, whose brilliant eyes, Belie his seeming load of years; I questioned him with wild surprise, "Whence art thou, venerable sage, Oh! say, what woes oppress thine age?"

XX.

"Oh! rather, lovely lady, say
What griefs obscure thy early day;
That thou, a dame so young and fair,
Should'st wander thus in lone despair?"
Before my lips could form reply,
My guardian Oswald near me stood,
"Gertrude," he said, "there's danger nigh,"
The stranger darted in the wood.
"My child!" I cried, "with Manfred he,
My wife, my love, hence let us flee!"

XXI.

" Oh! Isabore, the now I hide, Beneath the haughty brow of pride

Of grief and woe, the bitter smart, And all that stabs a breaking heart, My mind, in vain, I strive to steel, I'm doom'd to mourn, and doom'd to weep, For all who car'd for Gertrude's weal, Now, mould'ring in the cold tomb, sleep."— " Not all!" with tear and pitying sigh, Was then the gentle maid's reply, " Oh! surely, Lady GLENMORE knows, That Isadore partakes her woes"— " Enough, dear girl! I now relate, The sad remainder of my fate.

XXII.

"While night, her dews, around us, shed, Along the Durance' banks we sped,

Montorran quickly hurried on, To gain the town of Avignon; There was his trusty 'squire to stay, And thence attend us on our way. Oh, night of terror and despair! Nor Manfred, nor the babe were there; And live I now, to tell it thee! My child again I ne'er did see;-My Oswald"— fearfully she starts, And all her cold reserve assumes; Her eye a look of meaning darts: The maiden with an anxious glance, Seeks what can cause The sudden pause;

And views, reclining on his lance,

A steel-clad knight; whose sable plumes.

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Deepened the terrors of his frowning brow,

And made his giant height, still more gigantic show.

XXIII.

"Is there no word of kindness meet,

For noble dame, her lord to greet?"

Said Glenmore's earl, for he it was

Who thus, unwish'd for, on their converse stole;

His mien betray'd how far the gentle laws

Of soft'ning courtesy, from his unyielding soul.

"Since last, Lord Glenmore, thou wast here,

Has pass'd a period long and drear,

Nor deem'd I that thou wert so near;

But may thy wretched wife demand,

Why now thou com'st to Glenmore's towers?"

"It is," he said, "because the land,

Again is torn by hostile powers.

EDWARD, YORK's impetuous heir,

Threatens this castle to invade;

But if the enterprize he dare,

He'll rue this trusty blade.

Now, will thy sad and tearful eye,

A lasting spring of grief supply;

And thou wilt bid me blindly dream,

For HENRY's woes thy tears still stream,

Thine earlier cares forgotten quite,

Montorran, or—the minstrel wight."

XXIV.

With grin demoniac, her lord

Gave to the dame such taunting word;

Quick to her cheek indignant came,

Of virtuous ire the burning blush;

Not hers the guilty hue of shame,

Nor hers confusion's hectic flush.

Still, in proud silence, walked she on,

And, to her lord, deigned answer none.

XXV.

'Ere long, December's cheerless sky,

Each prospect that once pleas'd the eye

Enwrapt in glooms horrific stole,

And shed its terrors o'er the whole.

The distant hills, array'd in snow, Reflect no more a sunny glow; And Derwent's undulating tide, Ice-fetter'd, could no longer glide, Old Glenmore's moss-clad cloisters, round, And wake their echoes with his sound. No; all was silent, sad, and still, On Derwent's bank, and western hill; But ne'er did Glenmore's lofty halls, Resound with such sonorous clang, For ever, in their ancient walls, Armour clank'd, and war-note rang. The chieftain fierce prepared his band, For warfare drenched the bleeding land;

Each warlike lord, his sword unsheathed,

And here a bold defiance breathed

'Gainst York, meek Henry's rival brave:

And red-ros'd pennons proudly wave.

XXVI.

The Countess and her youthful friend,
Would oft the battlements ascend,
To mark the scene so drear and white,
Spread before their dazzled sight.
Thither would they oft repair,
Spite of keen gale, and chilling air;

For though around, the view was drear, And winds blew piercing cold, That prospect sad, was far more dear, To heart in misery grown old, Than all the radiant lovely glow, That summer's brilliant suns bestow. Tho' sharp and bitter was the gale, The lady wooed its rough caress; Oft would she weep, and oft bewail, Still would her feet the rampart press; And often Boreas' sullen moan, Bore concert with her sorrowing groan.

XXVII.

And ISADORE, whose glowing mind, With youthful ardor warm, Was not, to thought of ill, confin'd, As little reck'd the wintry storm. Still would she fondly oft retrace The hours, when first the minstrel's lyre, Awakened with seraphic grace, Feeling's throb, and rapture's fire. Tho' wide upon th' extended plain, Stern winter spread his chilling reign, In her warm breast remembrance glow'd; And tho' from the frozen rill, No more the bubbling streams distil, Yet, in her heart, love's warmest current flow'd.

XXVIII.

But starting from her reverie She half with terror sinks, to view Approaching near, a hostile band, With gesture high, and sword in hand: Their port is noble, daring, free, Their course to Glenmore castle duc. Loudly echoing, near and far, Resounds the dreadful din of war; In vain Lord Glenmore's bands oppose, The entrance of the hostile Rose. They soon the castle walls surprise; Columns of smoke, to heaven, ascend, -While flames, in wavy wreaths, arise, And all in dread confusion blend.

XXIX.

The Countess and the damsel fair, Some way t' escape at length prepare; But all precaution found they vain, Both, by the victor, captive ta'en. To Sandale was the dame convey'd; But MARCHE with youth's impetuous fire, Declared that his should be the maid; In her he centered each desire. Ruins now cover'd Glenmore's scite, Gone was its chieftain to the tomb, For LANCASTER he dared his doom, And rushed to realms of night.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

How sighs the muse to tune the lay,

Fair Albion's woes to sing,

The strings their sadden'd homage pay,

And mournful music fling.

Ye guardian Genii of the land,

Ah whither were ye flown,

When woe encompass'd Britain's throne,

And hovered on her strand.

Then anarchy, with power malign, Burst each social knot in twain, Brought to light each dread design, And bade discordant fury reign. The hand that once, in friendly grasp, Was wont a brother's hand to clasp, Against that brother's life was raised: And eyes, with deadly fury, blazed, That once, with fond affection's gleam, On kindred dear were wont to beam. The winds that murmured o'er the plain, With dying grouns were fraught When stilly night assumed her reign, By fearful horrors wrought:

For cultur'd field, and dreary heath, Were scenes alike of blood and death.

H.

To Sandale's towers a pris'ner led,

Was Glenmore's lady high,

For England's woes her bosom bled,

But for herself she heav'd no sigh.

Grief on her fair, but faded form,

Had shed her various store of woes;

Her cheeks, no more, with healthful current, warm,

Seem'd ensigns of the paler rose.

In Sandale's walls, York's noble dame, The boast of Neville's haughty line, Then dwelt; she little cared for fame, Nor wished, in courtly halls, to shine. Yet once, in youthful beauty, bright, She charm'd each young and gallant knight: At HENRY's court, each fair above, She shone the leading star of love! But youth was fled, and with its fire, Had vanished every gay desire: To pomp or pageant, she'd not roam, But center'd all her bliss in home.

III.

When Sandale's gates were heard to close, The lady's fortitude arose; She steel'd her heart to bear each woe, That pride on misery could bestow. And she resolved, with life, to part, 'Ere cruelty's ingenious art, Should wring one murmur from her heart. She knew not that her early friend, Her prison'd footsteps would attend; She little thought she still should find, The noble dame, so good, so kind; Or that, upon her gentle breast, Her aching head might sink to rest.

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But when Sandale's dame she viewed,
Remembrance, friendship's tie renewed,
She spake, and Gertrude sank subdued.

IV.

When sense return'd, illum'd her eyes,

The Duchess echoed those sad sighs,

That from the Countess' bosom rose;

Then sweetly sought to sooth her woes.

"And is it thus, lov'd friend, we meet,

Must no glad welcome, from me, greet

One, who so oft has been the theme,

Of anxious thought's ne'er stagnant stream?

Yet I will strive thy lot to cheer,

Think too, perhaps, relief is near;

For Henry's Queen has seized the sword,
And summoned many a warlike horde."

"Friend of my youth, the dame returned,
From me, such baseness, far, be spurned:
How could that rescue give me joy,
Which would thy proudest hopes destroy!"

V.

Friendship's soft balm of healing power,
Poured influence sweet, upon that hour;
And confidence and sympathy,
More closely drew their gentle tie:
Requested by her friend to tell,
Each strange event that her befel,

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Since the well remembered night, She with Montorran winged her flight; The Countess, with a woe-fraught mind, To Cicely's listening ear conveyed, Each grief, it was her lot, to find, Since she, from Raby's walls, had flown; Her secret feelings she displayed, And each event made known. Again retraced those distant years, Partaking both of joys and fears, She in Provence had past; Again she told what pangs assailed, When tidings of her infant failed: Nor were those pangs the last,

This lovely victim had endured,

From duty's path, by love allured;

Misfortune still, the fair pursued;

Her history thence, she thus renew'd.

CONTINUATION

o F

The Lady's Story.

VI.

Oh, Cicely! I need not tell,

To thee, what then my feelings were:

To peace, to joy, I bade farewell,

A wand'ring image of despair!

Amidst Vaucluse' embow'ring grove,

That famed retreat of hapless love,

By that pellucid fountain's side,

Where Petrarch, for his Laura, mourned,

With frenzied step, I frantic hied,

To seek for peace which fate denied,

And echo's voice, my woes returned.

But time, and loved Montorran's zeal,

Who lived, but for his Gertrude's weal,

Some comfort, to my heart, restored,

For each the other still adored.

VII.

One secret locked, within his breast,

I from Montorran could not wrest;

He never would, to me disclose,

Whence our hasty flight arose,

From the loved Durance' winding shore, Remembered, yet tho' viewed, no more. But now—ah, yes! the dreadful scene, Still rises to my aching sight; I still behold that murd'rous mien, And the dire horrors of that night. My Oswald's kindness to requite, I strove, tho' painful 't was, to smile, And he, all rapturous delight, Rejoiced he could my grief beguile. My love, my GERTRUDE, whence so pale? With anxious haste, he cried. Ah! me, what fears did then assail, As pointing to the stream, I said, "I saw, reflected in the tide, A warrior's crested head!"

Around, he threw his piercing eye, But nought of foe-man could espy; When a slight rustling met my ear, I caught the gleaming of a spear. Ah! not in combat with the brave, My Oswald met his early grave; An arrow, from a hidden bow, Laid the great Montorran low: These arms, his sinking form, received, And gently, on the green turf, laid; Almost, I was, of sense bereaved, Upon my bosom leant his head;

He strove some soothing words to say;

In haste, I from the neighb'ring spring,

Bethought a friendly aid to bring,

That might his flutt'ring spirit stay.

VIII.

I stooped to catch the cooling wave,

A steel-clad arm was round me cast;

I shrieked—Montorran could not save:

Ah! then my Oswald breathed his last.

My senses fled—when next I owned

Returning reason's glimmering ray,

Ah! sure my errors were atoned,

By what I suffer'd on that day.

Montorran! first, I feebly cried, But no one to my voice replied. By slow degrees my memory drew The harrowing picture to my view, And painted the sad past anew. With gorgon terrors on his brow, Lord Glenmore stood my couch beside; "Now mine will be thy plighted vow," In joy's exulting tone he cried. " Montorran's loss I'll mourn for ever: Thine, my plighted vow?—oh, never!!" I so return'd his vaunting pride.

"We soon shall see, thou haughty dame,

If sweet revenge I do not claim,

For all the slights, and cruel scorn, That erst from thee, proud fair, I've borne." He grimly smiled, as thus he spake; But I no more would silence break, Until my rigid sire I viewed, And unto him for pity sued. His heart, against his child, was steeled: Byp ower parental forc'd to yield, What more of ill could fate bestow. What direr grief betide? That hour completed every woe, That hour beheld me GLENMORE's bride.

IX.

What triumph flashed from GLENMORE's eye,
When, sinking in the western sky,
The sun emitted his last ray,
And night's dun shades invaded day.
Thither reluctant, shuddering, led,
The nuptial room I trembling tread;
I searched, with scrutinizing eye,
In hopes some means I yet might 'spy,
T' escape my dreadful destiny.
A sword against the wall was hung,
With sudden thought to it I sprung;

I dried each tear, suppress'd each sigh,
For oh! my daring purpose high,
Had filled my soul with energy.

The bridegroom came, with pride elate,

I straight unsheathed the glittering blade;

- "Dare to approach, thou meet'st thy fate,"
 With dauntless tone I said.
- "Lay that tremendous weapon by,

 It suits not with a lady fair;"

 He to my threat'ning made reply,

 And then advanc'd with wily care.

 His stronger arm my force o'ercame,

 When lo! a voice pronounced my name.
- "Gertrude!" it said, "thy fate beware; Glenmore, if thou would'st live, forbear!

Dar'st thou approach Montorran's wife,

Thou whose base art depriv'd her lord of life!

That moment, Glenmore, thou shalt surely die,

And thy dark soul, to nether regions fly."

X.

Then dimly visible in distant gloom,

(The waning taper cast a wavering light,)

Pale and terrific, recent from the tomb,

Montorran's figure met my frenzied sight.

Stiffened his limbs, his heart with fear appall'd,

Stood Glenmore's lord in horror's fix'd dismay,

My piercing shriek the flitting shade recall'd;

Ah! stay, I cried, beloved immortal, stay!

Oh! take me with thee, free my fainting soul,

From the vile fetters of this cumb'rous clay;

Despair and woe, now, o'er my senses, roll,

Come lead me, lead me, to eternal day.

Vainly I raved, then, sinking on the ground,

I fell immersed in misery profound.

Wild, desperate, horror-struck, Lord GLENMORE fled, From the dread presence of the injured dead.

XI.

But from that awe-creating hour,

I heeded not my tyrant's pow'r;

Altho' beneath his castle roof,

From worldly converse held aloof;

He but this earthly form confined,

Montorran still possessed my mind:

And I no violence need dread,

For, over Glenmore's guilty soul,

The threat'ning sentence of the dead,

Held irresistible controul.

XII.

My sire at length his curse repealed:

Then, taking arms on Henry's side,

Fell on St. Alban's bloody field:

None now remain to me allied.

And yet, alas! I fear for one,

Whose fate to me is now unknown,

My worldly race is nearly run——"

Just then the bugle's silver tone,

The near approach of York declared;

While fear and joy alternate meet,

The dames, Plantagenet to greet,

With trembling haste prepared.

XIII.

With hasty step and hurried air,

He sought his anxious wife;

She fear'd the woes of civil strife,

Which mark'd her pensive brow with care.

"Fear nought, for me, illustrious dame!"

He said, in accents firm, but kind,

"I yet may Anjou's spirit tame,

I yet may check her haughty mind.

For tow'ring on the battle plain,

Margarer, hapless Henry's bane,

Her fatal errors to atone,

Girds her with an iron zone,

And dauntless draws her flashing sword,

To guard her weak and powerless lord."

XIV.

Oh! happy Albion! blest, beyond compare,
Think, grateful think, what blessings now you share!

Tho' Discord, raging thro' a jarring world,
Bids war's red banner yet remain unfurl'd;
Still, in the precincts of this sea-girt isle,
Domestic peace, and tranquil pleasures smile.
But ah! nor smiling peace, nor pleasure bland,
In days of yore, here held their grateful sway,
Slaughter, triumphant, stalk'd throughout the land,
Investing every breast with dire dismay.

XV.

See haughty Margaret, her standard raise,
Fair Anjou's arms the pond'rous faulchion wields,
In glittering pomp, opposing patriots blaze,
And sire and son, imbrue their native fields.

Ah! wretched land,

Each hostile band,

Now rushes to the war.

Bellona in her brazen car,

With furious zeal, each breast, inspires;

Kindles ambition's madd'ning fires;

Bids kindred blood, each sword distain;

And thousands bleed upon th' ensanguined plain.

XVI.

Yet from amidst the dread intestine jar,

Arose fair Liberty's resplendent star,

Far-beaming herald of the future day,

When this famed land should own her blissful sway.

'Twas then her bright electric rays awoke

Each patriot feeling, and, those fetters, broke,

Which Tyranny, in robes of regal hue,

Cast o'er the soul, to damp th' aspiring mind:

The star of Freedom risen to their view,

No more, in mean submission, madly blind;

With pleas'd acclaim, they hailed the golden ray,

And mighty virtues, rushed amain, to day.

XVII.

Then first, were fixed, the Senate's noblest laws,

Then first, impartial, was' the high debate;

Meek Henry's virtues gained their due applause,

But York was owned Protector of the State-

For Henry, lost in lethargy,

Could not a monarch's care supply,

Nor in Hygela's brightest day,

Did he those qualities display,

Which vulgar admiration gain,

And best the common love obtain.

While York was valiant, prudent, bold,

And high, his name, had fame enroll'd;

For daring arm, and courage high,

Ranked first, in days of chivalry.

XVIII.

'Twas Margaret, Henry's haughty wife, Who first provoked intestine strife; The passive Henry, long she swaved, She spake her will, and was obeyed. The noble Gloucester's hapless fate, Might well each dark surmise create: While Suffolk's crimes, and Beaufort's art, Caused York t' assume an hostile part; Who, with contempt and anger fired, To England's monarchy aspired. Just were his claims; but ne'er his right, Had been the cause of deadly fight. Had but the royal Henry been Unbias'd by his artful queen; Or Margaret been content to share, With Mortimer's illustrious heir, The kingdom's trust, and regal care.

XIX.

But Margaret's high unbending soul,

Had never yielded to controul.

Hers, subtle art, and tow'ring mind,

To conquer, not submit, inclin'd;

And her's was every beauty too,

That could the heart of man subdue.

Her art and beauty ruled her royal lord,

She frowned, he yielded, smiled, and he ador'd.

XX.

Soon Margaret led her bright array, To where the plain of Wakefield lay.

With fatal skill and taunting boast, She there arranged her adverse host; With cruel and insulting pride, She proudly, Sandall's lord defied. Secure within his fortress strong, Might noble York have tarried long; But MARGARET knew that EDWARD's blade, Would soon his gallant father aid: And EDWARD, with the Welchmen brave, Might then his sire, from ruin, save. She therefore, with inglorious wiles, The Duke to hasty war beguiles; Provoked with sneer, and keen retort, The hapless chief too rashly fought.

" My Cicely!" the warrior cried,

"The haughty Queen shall not deride,
My prowess long. I'll quickly show,
I'm daunted nought, by vaunting foe."
The captive dame he then addrest:
"Nought can the hand of fate arrest;
Another day may set thee free,
If Margaret claims the victory.
While, stretch'd upon the bloody plain,
Cicely, my loss, may mourn in vain.
If such should be her hapless lot,

GLENMORE did HENRY's cause defend,

The Queen thy wishes will attend,

Then with thy interest shield thy friend."

Let not her friendship be forgot;

XXI.

Where Wakefield's plains now peaceful, bear, The produce rich, of golden grain; Where Calder rolls along so fair, And wealth and commerce, hold their reign. Dire was the combat, dire the fray; Those fields were dyed with patriot blood, And purple ran the Calder's wave; Not only on that signal day, Has the life-stream of warrior brave, Commix'd with its translucent flood. Soon wrapt in death, brave RICHARD lies, The victim of his bold comprise. The voice, which thousands awed before, For ever mute, is heard no more:

And closed the eye whence beamed the mind,
Prudent, and bold, resolved, refin'd.
On that same day his blooming son,
RUTLAND, in youth's primeval pride,
His race of glory quickly run,
By CLIFFORD's treacherous dagger died.

XXII.

The Queen victorious, led her train,

Where Sandall's towers frowned o'er the plain,

Then with resentment cruel, fired,

To see the wife of York desired.

She came.—" Why, Margaret," she said,

While dignity adorn'd her mien;

"Would'st thou view me before thee led,

A pris'ner sad?—Oh! haughty Queen,

Bethink thee, 'ere it is too late;

Ah! yes, remember, vengeful dame,

Upon some sad reverse of fate,

Thy sinking frame, and soul, may fain,

From some, that consolation claim,

Which none from thee can find.

Thou, cruel, dost augment my pain,

With insult rude, and taunt unkind!'

XXIII.

Oft Cicely, of rank so high,

Had heav'd before, the anguish'd sigh;

Sad proof, nor beauty, wealth, nor birth,

Can shield from woe, the child of earth.

For she was fair as e'er was feign'd Of those, who, 'mongst the poets reign'd: And wealth was hers, and hers to shine, The mother of a mighty line. Yet from those gifts, her sorrow flowed, For rank and power, her ills bestowed: Domestic strife, then bade to fly, Each all-delighting social tie. Nor did she e'er of battle hear, That wept she not, for kinsmen dear. Percy, Northumbria's gallant boast, Fought 'mid Lancastrian Henry's host. He fought, he fell! his gentle wife, Not long survived the fatal strife; And Cicely wept for kindred twain, By grief and war, untimely slain.

Then Somerset, to her, allied,
Was taught how vain was earthly pride.
Upon St. Alban's bloody day,
Those chiefs became, of death, the prey.

XXIV.

And now, in Margaret's bosom lie,
Hatred, revenge, and cruelty.
Relentless Queen! oh, spare the dead!
Is pity from thy bosom fled?
Suits fell revenge, the female breast?
Peaceful, let the warrior rest!
But Margaret's ire, and Clifford's hate,
Not e'en his death could fully sate.

Ill suited it with queenly power, Such conduct to pursue: The head of York, that fatal hour, Before the windows of her tow'r, Was held, for CICELY to view. Superior 'bove the shock of fate, Then 'rose, of York, the widowed mate; She sighed but shed no tear. "Ah! ruthless Queen, perhaps 'twill be, By some new turn of destiny, Thy bitter lot, to sue for grace, To the now hated Neville race. Or thy proud heart may writhe with anguish, And, with unthought of misery, languish,

Drooping o'er thy darling's bier."

By words like these, then Gertrude sought,

Pity to wake, in Margaret's mind;

But Cicely, avail they nought,

And Gertrude's lot they faster bind.

Soon the royal mandate sped,

To Raby were the dames conveyed;

There answering tears, together shed,

With grief o'ercome, by fear dismayed.

XXV.

Then too, brave Salisbury, thou wert slain,
Of Neville's race, and Warwick's sire;
The victim of proud Margaret's ire,
Such cruel deeds her triumph stain.

On Pomfret's scite, of bloody fame, For murd'rous scenes renown'd, Fell the brave chief, of hapless name; Again the deathful groans resound: Again is Pomfret, honor's fated tomb; Another RICHARD, mourns his ruthless doom. But leave we now the bloody scene, Quit we now the victor Queen; A softer sweeter tale to tell, Of what, fair ISADORE, befel; Where Conway's foaming waters roll, And love inspir'd young EDWARD's soul.

CANTO FOURTH.

1.

Upon that rock, where erst of old,

Cambria's prophetic Bard foretold,

That joyless laurels should enwreath,

Great Edward's victor brow;

Heaped curses dire upon his foe,

And bade the lay of vengeance breathe;

Vol. 1.

There, an ancient fabric stood,

Frowning over Conway's stream;

And thence, reflected in the flood,

The watch-tower's light, was seen to gleam.

II.

When, from Glenmore's fallen towers,

Edward led his martial powers;

Attended by his trusty band,

He sought, with speed, the Cambrian land.

Now, welcome to his anxious eyes,

The beacons bright, before him rise.

But Isadore, with shuddering gaze,

Beheld the flaming watch-lights blaze;

For, by the broad flame's ruddy glare,
This seem'd to her no fabric fair;
But the rude pile of massy mould,
Rose to her view, like prison-hold.
It was the flame's uncertain light,
And fear, that ever wildering wight,
Which so misled the maiden's sight:
There dwelt a dame of lordly line,
Her beauty some had called divine.

III.

The dame, who own'd the wild domain,
Was Clifford's sister, haughty Jane:
The same, who once, in Raby's hall,
Montorran brave, had wish'd t' enthrall.

Then, bright in youth;—now, years had flown:
But softly o'er her charms had stol'n,
Time, whose power, most things obey,
With her had wav'd his potent sway.
Still midst her country's hostile jar,
No badge she own'd but Love's soft star;
Midst warlike strife, serene and gay,
Her ensign shot its silver ray.

IV.

CLIFFORD, in Henry's cause, was brave;
For York, Jane's star-decked pennons wave.
Edward, the gallant and the young,
For her, the lay had lightly sung;

With her, would mingle in the dance, Or, for her beauty, break the lance. And now, the fair, impetuous dame, For EDWARD felt so wild a flame, She kindred, friends, for him resign'd, To future evil, madly blind. But all in vain, the princely youth, Suspecting nought, the hidden truth, Believed 'twas friendship's purer view, That made the dame such plans pursue. He, as his friend, the fair revered, And oft to her advice adhered; But his, nor passion's fervent fire, Nor the soft glow of young desire.

V.

A blast is blown, the mountains round,
Reverberate the brazen sound.

Soon they gain admittance free;

"Thou shalt not mourn thy liberty,"

Said Edward, as he fondly prest,

The hand of her, whom he addrest.

The trembling fair he onward drew,

To where the dame impatient staid;

But, oh! how fled Jane's roseate hue,

When she perceiv'd the beauteous maid.

VI.

" See, lovely lady!" EDWARD cries, "I here have brought a peerless prize; Thou wilt, I know, each art employ, Fair hopes to raise, and grief destroy." Her sparkling eyes, with anger shine, Ah! then they beamed, as stars malign; For jealousy's fierce flame she felt, Kindness and pity quickly melt. Yet, with keen art, and deep disguise, She hid the truth from EDWARD's eyes; So free a welcome promptly feigned, That she, their confidence, obtained.

For Isadore, unskill'd in art, Suspected not Jane's wily heart; Kind heaven, she bless'd, for such a friend, And felt her youthful mind unbend, At amity's divine controul, While gratitude, illumed her soul. And the gay victor's ardent mind, To Love's bright visions, all resign'd; In views of future bliss indulged, Which, unrestrained, his tongue divulged. For still he vowed, that England's throne, He'd share with Isadore alone.

VII.

Few were the dames that could defy, The radiance of young Edward's eye; Where brightly arch, or gayly wild, The playful loves encurtained smiled. Oh! who could meet his glances warm, Or view his tall majestic form? Could mark that form's attractive grace, And scan the wonders of his face— That to brave EDWARD, could be cold, If formed of less than icy mould? But while his words, in ardent flow, Gave to her cheek, a livelier glow, Fair Isadore's cold air represt, The hopes which flutter'd in his breast.

Yet not of ice, the maiden's heart:

Well knew the fair, Love's potent art.

Remembrance of the Minstrel's charms,

The Earl, of power to please, disarms;

His image still, triumphant reigns,

And empire, o'er her heart, maintains.

VIII.

"My lord, we'll to the hall repair,"
Exclaimed Rock-Cader's haughty fair;
"And there, in mirthful revelry,
Dilate our hearts with joy and glee."
As they partake of their repast,
EDWARD plies the goblet fast;

And eyes the youthful captive fair, With looks, replete with am'rous care; Which rais'd a keen and jealous smart, In fair DE CLIFFORD's stricken heart. It chanc'd, that, 'mongst her household band, Was one, a youth from foreign land; Well skill'd to wake the echoing lyre, And bid the sweetest tones respire. " Hither let the minstrel bring His harp, his softest lay to sing!" Impatient cried the jealous dame. Prompt at her word, the minstrel came, An airy prelude lightly rang, And thus the bard enchanting sang.

Welody.

IX.

The night it was drear, the keen winds were blowing,
Around the forked light'nings all vividly played;
The thunder loud roared, each horror bestowing,
As the minstrel in gloom disconsolate strayed.

Ah! little he deemed what forms him surrounded,
And danced on the flash, or lurked in the cloud;
He saw not the powers, that in darkness confounded,
Directed his steps to battlements proud.

Could he then believe that the Genii of Love,

Were flitting around him in fanciful guise;

No, the ken of mortality far, far, above,

They met not the sight of the wanderer's eyes.

A castle he viewed, 'twas the temple of joy,

The fond vows of a maiden he there quickly gain'd;

No time shall the dear recollection destroy,

When that maiden approved of his raptures unfeign'd.

- "Minstrel, cease!" said Lady Jane,
- " I rather sought a soothing strain;
 Nor flames nor raptures please me now:
 Say, can'st thou sing of broken vow?

"Ah! true, I can," the minstrel cried,
And, at the thought, he sadly sighed.
And then, in less enlivening notes,
The sadden'd strain harmonic floats.

Second Welody.

No more of joy the minstrel sings,

Or tells of bliss the raptured tale;

To falsehood, wake the trembling strings,

Well may their wonted powers fail.

That fair one in whose snowy breast,

Each shining virtue seemed enthroned;

Has now another love confest,

The lowly minstrel is disowned.

Alas! no more the minstrel's vow,

In fancy, dwells upon her ear;

A high-born lover wooes her now,

And she, well pleased, his vows can hear.

Χ.

While o'er her cheek, in crimson tides,
Confusion's blushing torrent, glides;
The maiden, with a timid eye,
Glanced at the son of minstrelsy.

One look sufficed, she saw, she knew, The youth to whom her vows were due: When first his thrilling voice she heard, This Armyn is! her heart averr'd. But how did grief's benumbing chill, Succeed to joy's ecstatic thrill, When she, those mournful accents, caught, That spake her false in Armyn's thought. . Then half she doubted if it were, That source of many a love-wrought care, Who thus transfixed her throbbing heart, With keen suspicion's stinging dart. Yet, ah! too sure, her humid eyes Witnessed how true her first surmise.

XI.

The youth withdrew, the guests retired, And various thoughts, each breast inspired; Young EDWARD, lost in calm repose, Dreamt of love, and conquered foes. While ISADORE, with grief, opprest, Wooed, but in vain, refreshing rest; And, in DE CLIFFORD's bosom, reigned The rancorous ire of love disdained. When all seemed wrapt in peaceful sleep, And, save the river's foaming wave, That wound around the rocky steep, And deeply murmuring, music gave, VOL. I.

Was silent all, and lone, and drear: With quivering lip, allied to fear, DE CLIFFORD sought the banquet hall; And well might fear her heart appal. Dire was her murderous intent, On brooding thoughts of mischief bent: She seized the glass whence EDWARD's lip, Had joyed the rosy draught to sip, And in it then, with dread design, A potion poured of deadly wine. " Maid of the golden locks," she cried, "Thou ne'er shalt be a monarch's bride; Nor shall thy lover, hated fair,

The royal ensigns ever wear,

No crown upon his head shall lie. For sure, to-morrow, both shall die!" She said, and trimmed her waning light; For conscience seemed, before her sight, To bring, in long and dread array, Each crime that stained her youthful day. "Yet why this fear, for who can tell, How EDWARD and the maiden fell?" She said, and took the fateful glass: Then sought the portal wide, to pass. When lo! seemed, to her listening ear, The tramp of horses, clattering near; And soon, without the castle-wall, The horsemen, for admittance, call.

In haste, the dame her chamber sought,

Then asked the tidings which they brought;

And whence there came, at that late hour,

Those strangers to Rock-Cader's tower?

XII.

Thus, of the band, replied, the chief,
In mingled tones of rage and grief.
"Queen Margaret has the battle won,
The head of York is on a spear,
And many a ruthless deed is done;
Warwick, the chief whom we revere,
Has sent us for brave Richard's son.

EDWARD of YORK, awake from sleep, Stay not to sigh, stay not to weep; But seize the sword, assume the shield! Revenge! thy father's manes cry; Pleased shall his spirit, hovering nigh, Behold thee win the field." EDWARD heard the dread appeal, And sheathed himself in glittering steel; He vaulted on his prancing steed, And left the castle walls with speed. The warriors urged their coursers sleek, The rising blast blew strong and bleak; Swift passed they Snowdon's mountain high, Whose tow'ring summit dares the sky.

But long their speed they could not hold.

Each gallant knight and horseman bold,

Held his steed with tightened rein,

To guard their footing on the plain.

XIII.

Clear shone the stars, and Luna's beam,

The snowy prospect, made, more bright;

And, dancing in each silvered stream,

Gave added beauties to the night.

It was a scene, in very truth,

Might charm the eye of careless youth;

Inspire devotion in the breast,

And bid each thought, in heaven, to rest.

For who can view the planets roll, Nor feel devotion in their soul? But lost in mournful mood profound, EDWARD rode, nor gazed around, Until the border, they were near, Of the fair lake of Pimblemeer. So beauteous was the scene, and grand, That, by pure Bala's frozen strand, The hardy chiefs, of Britain's isle, In wonder fixed, remained awhile. Then EDWARD looked upon the lake, And sorrowing viewed the lovely scene; Then new-born ire appeared to wake, And sternness marked his mien.

"My sire," he cried, "my slaughtered sire,
Thy wrongs, my soul, to vengeance, fire;
This sword once drawn, thy dauntless son,
Will sheath no more, till victory's won."
Thus spake the youth, then onward flew;
Scarce could his train such speed pursue;
For Edward's mind was filled with rage,
And much he longed fierce war to wage,
Against his father's vengeful foe,
Who caused his noble blood to flow.

XIV.

His hasty route, by night or day, Impatient Edward would not stay, But danger hovered on his way. For see a courier comes with speed,

And Edward checks his foaming steed.

- "What are the tidings which ye bear?" Demands, of York the impetuous heir.
- "Would my lord the sceptre own,
 Would he sit on England's throne,
 Haste to London, 'ere the Queen,
 Before the city gates is seen!"
 The courier said, his pallid cheek,
 Some nearer danger seemed to speak.
- "Cried Edward, "haste, thy tale unfold!"
 The messenger, to him replied;
- " A mighty host, in arms, allied,

The champions of the blooming rose, Should'st thou advance, thy march oppose, Would'st thou to Wales, again retreat, Danger or death, my lord must meet; For Jasper Tudor, Pembroke hight, In arms, a famed and val'rous knight, Against thee, MARGARET has sent: Thy safe return he will prevent." " Renowned in arms tho' PEMBROKE be, I'll prove that I'm as brave as he; His myrmidons I will defy:" Was then, of York, the bold reply. He said, and promptly turned his horse. 'Ere long, by Mortimer's famed cross,

The foes were met, the battle tried,

And bravely many foe-men died.

Then Owen Tudor's wretched fate,

Avenged the cause of Salisbury dead;

For cruelty createth hate;

By murder, murder must be paid.

XV.

Now the tide of conquest turned,

And victory, that ere while,

Her lambent flame, o'er Margaret, burned,

On Edward seemed to smile.

For tho', on Barnet's blood-stained field,

The Yorkists to Lancastrians yield;

Treachery, the short lived triumph gained,
And victory, o'er the foe, obtained.

Not long her prospects bright, appear;
Horror and plunder in her rear;
To Margaret, of the bloody Rose,
Augusta's gates would not unclose:

With Edward's name her confines ring;
And Warwick hails him England's king.

XVI.

But now we must revert to where,

O'ercome by fury and despair,

The Lady Jane beheld her prey

Snatched, from her deadly grasp, away.

"Yet one remains," exclaimed the dame, " She shall avenge my slightest flame; Her death, his heart, with grief, shall wring, While, from that source, my joy shall spring." Vain was the boast, for Heaven its care Extended o'er the gentle fair. Then sleep had fled the minstrel's eye, And the drear hall, he softly paced; Best loved he on that spot to sigh, Which Isadore so lately graced. There, Armyn, hid in friendly shade, Had marked the draught by Jane prepared; Her vengeful jealousy to aid,

Escape, the youth then nobly dared.

To Isadore's apartment flew,

And, near the maiden, gently drew.

XVII.

Sad Isadore no sleep had known;

Peace was no more, and joy was flown;

Her Armyn's doubts within her breast,

Bade grief tumultuous, baffle rest.

The warden's blast then struck her ear,

She started from her couch with fear;

"What danger now besets?" she cried,

"Yet powers divine, oh! guard my love;

Whatever fate may, me, betide,

My Armyn save, ye powers above!"

The weeping maiden heaved a sigh, And answering sigh was echoed near; She turned, the minstrel met her eye. "ARMYN!" she cried, "why camest thou here?" "Hist! speak not, trust thy fate with me, My wild suspicious doubts forgive; Thy Armyn trust, and thou shalt live. But, ah! the dame prepares for thee, A potion, whose destroying power, Would quickly blight thy youth's bright flower." He seized her hand—the wildered fair, Followed, where Armyn's footsteps led; At length they reached the solemn lair,

Where low, were laid, the mighty dead.

There, mouldering in their icy trance,

Chieftains, once famed in arms, reposed;

No ray illumed the drear expanse,

Which their death-clad remains inclosed.

"Oh, Armyn! come we here to die?"

To die! the echoing vaults reply.

XVIII.

" Hark! what sound then met mine ear?

No mortal can inhabit here!"

The awe-struck minstrel said.

A voice replied, "dismiss thy fear, Whoe'er thou art; ah! tell me why Thy steps in death's dark regions tread!" " From JANE DE CLIFFORD'S Wrath I fly, Can I assistance give to thee? Say, art thou lost to liberty? Companion of the dead?" "Ah! short is now life's weary way, Soon shall I quit this mortal clay, And seek the realms of endless day. But, haste, young fugitive, pursue The path, thy fates ordain; Here, if thou stay, thou'lt shortly rue

The deathful ire of haughty Jane."

XIX.

"Sweet Isadore! oh, deign to join Thy soft persuasive voice with mine, That we may set this stranger free, And hail together, liberty." When Armyn ceased, the unknown cried, " If, for thyself, thou hast little care, Yet haste, lest ill the fair betide, Who seems thy destiny to share." Thro' a rude grate, with dusky beam, Began the morning rays to gleam; The broken sun-beams faintly shed, A misty radiance, o'er the dead:

And lightly glanced upon a form,

That once, with valiant ardor warm,

Had eager chased the flying foe,

And laid full many a hero low;

But wasted now, by grief and tears,

A living skeleton appears.

So tall, so gaunt, so deadly pale,

The maiden's courage 'gan to fail;

Scarce could she deem a mortal man,

The ghastly form, her eyes did scan.

XX.

At length, persuasion's gentle power, The captive's wilful mood o'ercame; His fetters loosed, that fateful hour, He foiled the vengeful dame. Many a dreary passage past, Whose endless echoes loudly roll, A briar-choaked outlet gained at last: "Thanks to our Lady! here's the goal." Said Armyn:—Then, with eager haste, He lightly clasped the damsel's waist; And, with his burthen, swiftly flew To where, a boat, lay moored in view:

In that he placed the wondering fair,

And then, the stranger, made his care.

The oars, then Armyn seized, and now

They turn the steep rock's rugged brow:

While, brightly, on the glittering tide,

A stream of radiance flashed;

The oars a golden wave divide,

And o'er the stream, the vessel dashed.

XXI.

But soon the cheering scene was flown,

An arrowy sleet poured forth;

Rude wintry storms were roughly blown,

Sent from the keen and blustering north.

Defenceless from the chilling air,

Scarcely could the shivering fair

Endure the bitter blast.

Now far from either friendly shore,

By winds and waves tossed on the main,

Young Armyn saw, and saw aghast!

How useless was the oar,

To guide the bark across the watery plain.

XXII.

Upon each rolling billow's verge,

Death seemed his course, tow'rds them to urge.

Armyn, in sorrow, clasped his hands,

And speechless, on his love, he gazed;

All undismayed, the stranger stands,

His eyes to heaven were raised.

"Oh, Armyn! 'tis for me thou'lt die!"
Said Isadore; her falling tears

To pearls enfrozen as they flowed.

"Suppress, for me, those generous fears,
My Isadore!" was his reply.

Th' unknown a glance, on her, bestowed,
Then started, as he viewed her face,
And marked her form's aërial grace.
"Who were thy parents, lovely maid?"

In haste, the gazing stranger said.

"Where Glenmore's gloomy turrets rise, I was an inmate," she replies; (Unknown to her, that then no more, All stately, rose each frowning tower: For EDWARD had her thence conveyed, 'Ere the proud pile in ruins laid.) "Glenmore! detested and abhorred! Say, knew'st thou Glenmore's hated lord?— Was he thy friend? oh, quickly say!" She half pronounced a trembling nay: For, oh! she marked th' impending wave, From which, no art, their bark could save. Then Armyn clasped her to his heart, And vowed, in death, alone they'd part.

High, on the foaming surge, they ride; Then dive beneath the circling tide.

XXIII.

The minstrel, with his precious care,

Stemmed, for awhile, the ocean's power;

His frame at length no more can bear,

In youth's bright morn, in beauty's flower,

Oh, must the minstrel die?

No! see where on the stormy wave,

A bark approaches, prompt to save;

And see the welcome signals fly,

They meet young Armyn's drooping eye;

New life awhile they seem to bring, And every slackened nerve new string. Firm, on the deck, a warrior true, Stood towering 'bove the hardy crew; The stranger, midst the watery world, In deathlike trance, was listless hurled. And, for the wretched, nobly brave, That warrior snatched him from the grave. Then, while the crew the minstrel tend, His cares the youthful fair befriend; Awaking from her fearful sleep, " Is Armyn buried in the deep?" With anxious love, she trembling cries: The warrior hushed the dread surmise.

- "The youth is safe, thy father too."
- "Alas! I ne'er my father knew!"
 She sighing said; the hero prest
 Her cold hand to his valiant breast.
- "Say, gentle maid," he softly cried,
- "Was it not rash to dare the tide,
 When boisterous winds contending played,

And murky clouds obscured the day?"

- "'Twas dire necessity," she said,
 - "Bound us where winds and tempests lay."

XXIV.

Now near the welcome harbour lies,

And lofty turrets distant rise;

Thine were those towers, fair Ennerdale, Emerging from thy snow-clad vale. Thither, in litters, gently borne, The stranger and the damsel go; And Armyn ceases now to mourn, What first he deemed a grievous woe. Now, within the trophied hall, Where many a war-torn banner hung; The stranger gazed around on all-On all, a wistful glance he flung. Then thus exclaimed, "yes, it was here, That first, I viewed the peerless dame! What brilliant scenes would then appear; How glowed fair Hope's resplendent flame. But who now owns this fair domain? Is gallant EDENMERE no more? In fight, perhaps, untimely slain, I must again my friend deplore." The warrior lifts his iron mask; " May EDENMERE thy title ask?" Then thus the startled stranger said, "Ah! grief has blanched this hoary head—" "Tho' Alpine honors shade his brow, My once-loved friend, I welcome now; It is Montorran's well known voice, That bids this aching heart rejoice!" Fair Isadore the stranger eyed, And then, in joyful tone, she cried:

" MONTORRAN risen from the tomb! How oft, has Gertrude, wept thy doom; Drear is the life, she long, has led, And streaming tears, for ever, shed. But now" — She ceased; for lo! amain, Remembrance rushed upon her brain. "Ah, yes!" Lord Edenmere then said, "In Raby's walls, imprisoned now, With CICELY, she mourns the dead, And, to thy spirit, plights her vow. GLENMORE his kindred demons meets, Yet, a sad tale, thy new life greets; Thy lovely sister is no more, Her early loss, I still deplore:

Still shed the truly sorrowing tear,
O'er beauteous Bertha's youthful bier.
Her child she lost, and from that hour,
Nor peace, nor comfort, were her dower.
But now, my friend, to me relate,
Whate'er has been thy wondrous fate;
So strange it seems, to see thee here,
By all, thought dead, thro' many a year."

XXV.

Then, told Montorran, how his foe,
Had wounded him, with ambushed bow;
And that, to Gertrude's tearful eye,
He seemed, of that base wound, to die.

But, oh! false friendship's healing care, His fleeting life, recalled; For then, a young and lovely fair, With fear, for him, appalled, Hung o'er his form, in the disguise Of that same seeming sage, Who, once, before wronged Gertrude's eyes, Rushed from the hermitage. It was the fair, the wily Jane, Who thus forgot her sex's pride; Resolved was still, that maiden vain, She would, to Oswald, be allied. She traced him from his native land, To Durance' fair romantic strand;

And, in that hermit garb, concealed,
To him, her ardent love revealed.
Montorran's cheek, indignant glows,
And scorn, contemptuous, arose
Within his manly, faithful heart,
When Jane, her passion, dared impart.

XXVI.

" Lady! it is my boast," he said,
"Thy sex's honor, to defend;
And sooner shalt thou view me dead,
Than, to such love, an ear I'll lend.

Bethink thee, dame! can'st thou decline, From the high pride of CLIFFORD's line? Can'st thou! upon whose blooming face, Kind nature sheds each glowing grace, With youth, with rank, with beauty bright, Can Jane! in error's path, delight? Of me, thou must all thought resign, For Gertrude's vows are pledged with mine. Then cease! thy vain pursuit give o'er, And, of Montorran, think no more!" Forth from her lips, without controul, Then rushed the frenzy of her soul. "Insensate wretch! go, gaze awhile On thy fair Gertrude's placid smile;

Or in her soft, blue, sleepy eye,

Try if thou can'st new charms descry.

Soon, soon, will fate that bliss destroy,

Vengeance shall blast the buds of joy;

Thy heart shall bleed at every pore,

'Till Jane or Gertrude be no more!"

XXVII.

Those fearful threats made Oswald fly,

DE CLIFFORD's fury to defy;

She, who to passion, yields the rein,

Nor art, nor force, can e'er restrain.

On malice bent, as once, on love,

She followed to Vaucluse's grove;

Thence, tidings sent to Glenmore's chief, Obeyed he soon, the summons brief; Divided were the lovely pair! But, oh! how felt the haughty fair, When cold, and bloody, on the ground, Montorran's pallid form, she found. " Ah, ruthless chief!" she shrieking cried, " Not Oswald's self, but Oswald's bride, I sought to make the victim dire, Of jealousy's inflaming ire. My rival lives, my love is slain, And unrevenged, my wrongs remain."

XXVIII.

When lo! faint life, the dame perceives, Again, the wretched Oswald breathes; And thro' th' empassioned fair one's aid, The tides of health his frame pervade. He speeds away, to England's shore, And seeks the towers of dark Glenmore; No bright inhabitant of heaven, To Gertrude's gazing eye was given. It was no immaterial sprite, Montorran living, met her sight; Arrived just in the fateful hour; He saved her from a tyrant's power.

And soon he thought to claim the fair,
Which then, unarmed, he could not dare.
As he, to reach his stately home,

A trackless heath was crossing o'er;

"Stay thee, Sir Knight, where dost thou roam,
Think not to night, to cross this moor:"
Exclaimed a rude and grimly band.

He spurred his gallant courser's side;
They stay his horse, they seize his hand,
His way beset, his threats deride.

Entangled in DE CLIFFORD's toils,

The chief prepared for every woe;

But, from the fair, his soul recoils,

Nor could her art, his truth o'erthrow.

XXIX.

There paused Montorran;—and his friend Bade, for awhile, the tale to cease;

To-morrow shall thy story end,

To-night we'll pledge thy joy's increase.

But Isadore, fatigued and spent,

Declined the generous feast to share;

Repose, restoring influence lent,

And softly hovered o'er the fair.



NOTES

TO

CANTO THE FIRST.

Page 11, line 3.

Then flourished fair, the Rose of snow, Triumphant o'er its ruddy foe.

The Poem commences after the defeat of the Lancastrians, at Northampton, in 1460; when the unfortunate Henry was taken prisoner in his tent. The badge of the House of Lancaster, was a Red Rose; that of York, was the White.

The Author is aware that she has not spelt the name of her heroine according to the original orthography; but as Isadore, is more poetical and feminine than Isadore, and more agreeable to the English language, she has adopted that mode of spelling the name, in preference to the French or Italian.

Page 13, verse 7.

Sudden she starts, for stealing on the gale, A harp now flings its magic on her ear;

The Author acknowledges that she borrowed the idea of the Minstrel, from the Novel of the "Novice of St. Dominick;" when reading that performance it occurred to her that the civil warfare between the Houses of York and Lancaster, would furnish a scene in England, somewhat similar to that described by Miss Owenson, in France; and she directly commenced the preceding Poem. The poetic enthusiasm of Scott has shed an interest over his native Caledonia; which, long as his works are read, must ever be felt: and the bard of the "Emerald Isle," has sung the attributes of Ireland, with all the warmth of a true son of Erin. The Amor Patriæ glows as warmly in the mind of the author of

this work; and as to attempt a just description of the blessings enjoyed by this happy land must be vain; or to display the greatness of her riches and her power, would be equally so; she has chosen a time, which, contrasted with the present, cannot fail to make our happiness duly appreciated; a period, when our now fertile plains, were overrun with anarchy, and our now peaceful streams were dyed with England's noblest blood.

Page 17, Melody.

Ye tales of love, that from my lyre,
Were wont to flow in softest measure,
To you no more the strings respire,
Nor wake they now to notes of pleasure.

The Minstrel here declares that his harp cannot breathe the notes of joy; when just before, he is represented as having excited the mirth of the domestics by the gay sound of his lyre.—As an apology for this inconsistency, it must be remembered that the bards were obliged to suit their lays to the humour of their auditors. The rude and sprightly disposition of the domestics,

was better to be pleased by a lively effusion, than by the more sad and mournful strain, which was soothing to the soul of a being so pensive and loyal, as the more refined, and unfortunate Gertrude.

Page 18, line 5.

'Twas then, upon Northampton's field, Many a gallant warrior died;

The battle of Northampton was very desperate and bloody, though the conflict lasted only five hours; the King's army was commanded by the courageous and resolute Margaret of Anjou, his Queen; the Yorkists were headed by the renowned Earl of Warwick; who, like another Ulysses, was equally great in council and in the field. The Lancastrian army consisted of twenty-five thousand men; the opposite amounted to forty thousand. Warwick was victorious, and the Queen had the affliction of beholding her unfortunate consort taken prisoner in his tent; she then fled into Wales with her infant son, attended by the Duke of Exeter and a few followers. Henry was taken in

triumph to London, and was entirely under the management and direction of the Earls of Warwick, March, and Salisbury; who kept him at Eltham and Greenwich, under the pretence of his taking the diversions of hunting, sporting, &c. Immediately after this victory the Duke of York left Ireland, where he had awaited the event, and joined his friends in England.

Page 26, verse 22.

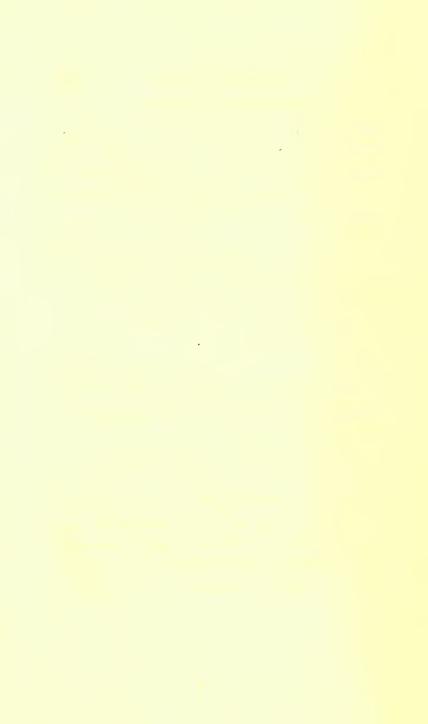
At length descends night's argent Queen, Behind the English Appennine,

The English Appennines are a ridge of hills forming the western boundary of Yorkshire, in which county the castle of Glenmore is supposed to have been situated.

Page 28, verse 25.

While rapid Derwent's dashing wave, Reflected in his silver tide, &c.

The Derwent is one of those rivers by which the county of York is intersected, and is equally remarkable for the rapidity of its stream and the clearness of its wave.



NOTES

TO

CANTO THE SECOND.

Page 38, verse 4.

Gayly and featly in Raby's towers, Music inspired the sprightly dance.

This ancient and noble fabric is situated in the county of Durham; it was then, in the possession of the high and powerful family of Nevil, but is now the property of the Earl of Darlington.

Page 38, verse 4.

Not then enslaved by jarring powers, Compatriots darted hostile glance, &c.

The Countess begins her story from about the year 1441; at which time, the aspiring YORK had not revealed his views, or commenced those operations, which afterwards occasioned such dreadful havoc in the kingdom.

Page 38, verse 6.

The daughters of the Nevil race,
Adorned the scene with matchless grace;
Sweet Ellen, Percy's gentle fair,
And beauteous Cicely were there,
With noble Dacre's loyal dame, &c.

These ladics were all daughters of RALPH NEVIL, then styled the great EARL OF WESTMORELAND; the lady ELLEN married HENRY PERCY, EARL OF NORTH-UMBERLAND, son of the renowned HENRY PERCY, surnamed Hotspur. The name of Percy, is of very

different origin from what it is often said to be; it did not arise from piercing the eye of the King of Scots, but from an ancestor of the family having married AGNES, the only daughter of WILLIAM LORD PERCY (so named, of Percy forest in the county of Maen), from whence they came; and their posterity took her name of Percy, but retained their old coat-armour to shew from whom they descended. LADY CICELY was espoused by RICHARD PLANTAGENET, DUKE OF YORK. The high sounding name of PLANTAGENET, is of French origin, and derived from the broom-pods which formed a part of the armorial bearings of the House of York; and in the French language are denominated Plant-àgenet. The name was first given to an ancestor of the family, from his commonly wearing a broom-stalk in his bonnet. LADY MARGARET became the wife of the LORD DACKE, at that time, one of the bravest and most powerful of the northern Barons; his title was derived from a brave progenitor, who having signalized himself greatly in the holy wars, had the title of Lord D'Acre conferred on him by his sovereign; since, corrupted into DACRE.

Page 44, line 5.

Health to our King! he loudly cried: Long may he live the nation's pride.

LORD GLENMORE could only add an eulogium upon his monarch from a spirit of perverseness, as Henry the Sixth, though a worthy man, was not a king for any people to be proud of; and at that period, though civil war had not yet deluged the land with kindred blood, yet dissatisfaction pervaded the minds of many, and the indignities which the Duke of York had received from the government had highly offended him, though he had not at that time taken arms against Henry.

Page 45, line 3.

Oh! where is Monmouth's gallant pride, Or his more youthful frolic fire?

HENRY THE FIFTH, born at Monmouth, was as remarkable for his bravery and spirit, as his unfortunate son was the reverse. In his youth, when PRINCE OF

Wales, there was no species of dissipation in which he did not indulge, no mischief which he would not countenance; yet he was ever the favorite of the people; for, amidst all his irregularities, he gave frequent proofs of bravery and generosity. After he ascended the throne he entirely cast off his abandoned associates, and became the father of his people. If we except ambition, the latter years of his life were unclouded by error; he died, after a brilliant reign of ten years, at the early age of thirty-four, when his son and successor was only nine months old.

Page 46, verse 13.

The indignation he inspired Glanced from brave Warwick's flashing eye.

The Countess here speaks of the Earl of Warwick by the title which he bore at the time she relates her story to Isadore, as he did not assume that title till the year 1449, when he obtained it in right of his lady, who was Anne de Beauchamp, daughter of the Earl of Warwick, and who in her infancy became the

heiress of the honors and inheritance of her family; her brave husband was the son and heir of RICHARD NEVIL, EARL OF SALISBURY, and nephew to the DUCHESS OF YORK.

Page 53, line 1.

Where myrtles form an od'rous shade, Waving o'er Durance' azure tide.

The Durance rises in the Alps, and, flowing through Provence, falls into the Rhone three miles below Avignon.

Page 57, line 1.

MONTORRAN quickly hurried on, To gain the scite of Avignon.

Avignon, the capital of a district of the same name, is the see of an archbishop. In Avignon they reckoned seven gates, seven palaces, seven colleges, seven hospitals, seven monasteries, seven numeries, and seven

popes, who resided there seventy years. But Avignon is rendered more interesting to the lovers of poetry, by having been the birth-place of Laura de Sade, to whose beauty the world is indebted for some of the first poetical compositions extant.

Page 66, verse 29.

To Sandale was the dame conveyed.

Sandal Castle was one of the seats of the Duke of York, and was situated near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.

Page 66, verse 29.

But MARCHE, with youth's impetuous fire, Declared that his should be the maid.

EDWARD, EARL OF MARCH, was the eldest son of the Duke of York, and was shortly after acknowledged as King, under the title of EDWARD THE FOURTH.

That EDWARD did besiege the castle of any Lord at that time is not recorded in history, but as the circumstance was not improbable in those times of civil warfare, the author hopes she may be excused for having availed herself of a poetical license.

NOTES

TO

CANTO THE THIRD.

Page 70, line 7.

At Henry's court, each fair above, She shone the leading star of love!

CICELY, DUCHESS OF YORK, was one of the most beautiful women of her age, and also one of the most virtuous and amiable.

Page 74, last line.

Nor were those pangs the last This lovely victim had endured, From duty's path by love allured.

It is the author's wish that the history of LADY GERTRUDE should exhibit a striking lesson on the ill consequences of rashness, and disobedience; had she but had resolution to resist the entreaties of Montorran, she would have avoided many of those sorrows which afterwards embittered her days.

Page 75, last stanza.

Amidst Vaucluse' embowering grove,
That famed retreat of hapless love:
By that pellucid fountain's side,
Where Petrarch for his Laura mourned.

The valley of Vaucluse is a short distance from the town of Avignon, and is remarkable for having been the retreat of the celebrated Petrancu; he there planted a

grove of laurel, to which tree he was particularly partial, as, by a poetical enthusiasm, this ardent and romantic lover fancied that the soul of his LAURA might be translated into that evergreen. In the vale of Vaucluse Petraarch composed some of his most beautiful verses.

Page S6, verse 12.

My sire at length his curse repealed, And, taking arms on Henry's side, Fell on St. Alban's bloody field.

The following particulars of the first battle, fought at St. Albans', are extracted from a curious and valuable work, entitled "Original Letters, written in the reigns of Henry the Sixth, Edward the Fourth, and Richard the Third."

"Furthermore letting you weet (know), as for such tidings as we have here such (these) three Lords be dead, the Duke of Somerset, the Earl of Northumberland, and the Lord Clifford; and as for any other men

of name I know none, save only Quotton (Cotton), of Cambridgeshire."

And as for any great multitude of people that there was, as we can tell, there was at most slain six score; and as for the lords that were with the King, they and their men were pilled (plundered) and spoiled out of all their harness and horses; and as for what rule we shall have yet I weet not; save only there be made new certain officers. My Lord of York, Constable of England; my Lord of Warwick is made Captain of Calais; my Lord Burgchier (Bourchier) is made Treasurer of England; and as yet other tidings have I none."

"And for our Sovereign Lord, thanked be God, he hath no great harm."

"Written at Lamelith (Lambeth) on Whitsunday,
"By your Cousin,
"Whitsunday,
"John Crane."

25th of May, 1455."

"This letter refers to the first battle of St. Alban's, which Rapin says was fought on the 31st of May 1455,

but which all our other historians place on the 23d of May. This letter certainly fixes it before the 25th; therefore it was most probably fought on Friday the 23d."

- "We are told by our historians that the King lost 5000 or 8000 men, though Hollingshead thinks it should be only 800, whereas this letter says only six score; how this prodigious difference in numbers can be reconciled, I own I cannot form any conjecture."
- "William Quotton, or Cotton, of Landwade, in Cambridgeshire, was vice-chamberlain to Henry the Sixth."
- "The family of Crane flourished at that time in Norfolk and Suffolk."
- "The above letter was written to "John Paston," and most of the letters were written by or to particular persons of the family of Paston, in Norfolk, (who lived in the reigns of Henry the Sixth, Edward the Fourth, and Richard the Third) were carefully preserved in that family in several descents; and were finally in the possession of the Earl of Yarmouth; they then became the property of that great collector and antiquary, Peter Le Neve, Esq., Norroy; from him they devolved to Mr.

Martin, on his marriage with Mrs. Le Neve, and were a part of his collections purchased by Mr. Worth, from whom, in 1774, they came to the Editor."

Page 91, verse 9.

"Then first were fixed the Senate's noblest laws, Then first impartial was the high debate."

The preceding stanza, and the two lines above, refer to the independent conduct of the parliament then assembled; before that period the senators had generally sided with the strongest party, whenever the kingdom was agitated by contending powers; but at that time a spirit of freedom, which has ever since characterized the English senate, took possession of their minds, and justice triumphed over force. After the battle of Northampton the Duke of York, who had formerly been satisfied with the title of Protector, claimed the crown; his party was the most powerful, he therefore expected not to meet with any opposition to his demand; but the Parliament did not comply with his wishes: the Duke of York was declared heir to the throne, but the unof-

fending though weak HENRY was to fill it during his life.

Page 91, verse 17.

But York was owned Protector of the State;
For Henry, lost in lethargy,
Could not a monarch's care supply.

Though the Parliament refused the immediate grant of the crown to the DUKE OF YORK, they unanimously appointed him Protector of the Realm, because their monarch was then in a lethargic state, though not to the same degree as he had been before. "The following letter, conveys to us a very particular account of the King's disorder, from himself; he mentions his total loss of memory, which, from the circumstances here related, appears to have commenced about October, 1453, and to have continued till Christmas, 1454." From this letter, likewise, we may form a true judgment of this King's character and disposition, as to charity, devotion, and meekness.

- "To my well beloved Cousin, John Paston, be this delivered."
- "Right well beloved Cousin, I recommend me to you, letting you weet such tidings as we have. Blessed be God! the King is well amended, and hath been since Christmas Day; and on St. John's day commanded his almoner to ride to Canterbury with his offering, and commanded his secretary to offer at St. Edward's."
- "And on the Monday afternoon, the Queen came to him, and brought my Lord Prince with her, and then he asked what the Prince's name was, and the Queen told him Edward; and then he held up his hands, and thanked God thereof.
- "And he said, he never knew him till that time; nor wist not what was said to him, nor wist not where he had been, whilst he had been sick, till now; and he asked who were godfathers, and the Queen told him; and he was well apaid (content).
- "And she told him the Cardinal was dead; and he said, he knew never thereof till that time; and he said, one of the wisest lords in this land was dead.

- "And my Lord of Winchester, and my Lord of Saint John's, were with him on the morrow after twelfth-day, and he speak to them as well as ever he did; and when they came out, they wept for joy.
- "And he saith, he is in charity with all the world, and so he would the Lords were.
- "And now he saith Matins of our Lady, and Evensong, and heareth Mass devoutly.
- "Written at Greenwich, on Thursday after twelfthday,
 - " By your Cousin,
 " EDMUND CLERE."
- " Greenwich, Thursday,
- " 10th of January, 1454."
- "Prince Edward was born at Westminster, in October, 1453. The Cardinal alluded to, was John Kemp, Archbishop of Canterbury; he died on the 22d of March, 1453. Greenwich was, at that time, the residence of the Court; in which Edmund Clere, the writer of this letter, had an appointment. He was a younger son of John Clere, by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Philip

Branch, Knt.; and by the gift of his mother, possessed manors and estates in Norfolk and Suffolk. This ancient family was seated at Ormsby in Norfolk."

Vide Original Letters, &c.

Who can read the above letter, and not feel deep regret, at the sad fate of the unfortunate Henry? in the contemplation of such truly christian virtues, our reverence for their possessor is excited; and we can only be sorry that the qualities necessary for a hero, were not in him, combined with the virtues of a saint.

Page 92, verse 18.

'Twas Margaret, Henry's haughty wife, Who first provoked intestine strife;

MARGARET, the wife of HENRY THE SIXTH, was daughter of REGNIER, DUKE OF ANJOU, and titular King of Naples, Sicily and Jerusalem. She was of a masculine and courageous disposition; in temper enterprising, and in understanding, solid, yet vivacious; lovely in person, as she was towering in mind, the haughty and

beautiful Margaret easily obtained a complete ascendancy over her royal husband. But she could not obtain so absolute an ascendancy over the minds of the people; they had been taught to expect, that, from the union of Henry with Margaret, great advantages would arise; but their expectations were disappointed, and, in consequence, they became discontented: the Queen, by her haughtiness, increased the general murmur, and herself and favorites, the Duke of Suffolk, the Cardinal of Winchester, and the Archbishop of York, became more and more unpopular. But Margaret braved the anger of the people, continued to load De La Pole with honors, and, by acts of violence and injustice, at length brought ruin on her husband, her son, and herself.

Page 93, line 3.

The noble GLOUCESTER's hapless fate,

Hemphrey, Duke of Gloucester, uncle to Henry the Sixth, was one of the best and wisest men of the age in which he lived; but his virtues did not provol. 1.

mote his felicity in this world. The Queen disliked him because he had opposed the union between herself and the King, who had been affianced to one of the daughters of the Earl of Armagnac; and the Duke of Gloucester could not bear the idea of his nephew's acting in a manner so dishonorable, as to espouse one woman, when he had been previously engaged to another: but the advice of Suffolk prevailed, and Margaret of Anjou became Queen of England; from which moment she meditated the downfal of the noble Humphrey. Disliked by the Queen, hated and feared by her Ministers, the ruin of the Duke was too soon effected. "A Parliament was summoned to meet at St. Edmundsbury, as a place more proper for the design than London, where he was supported by the people, and, before it, he was accused of conspiring to kill the King, in order to seize the crown; and, with an armed force, to deliver his Duchess out of Kenilworth castle, where she was imprisoned. The first of the accusations found no credit at all with the people; on the contrary, there was presently a commotion in his favor, but which was soon appeased. As the people thought him innocent, they imagined he would clear

himself from these, as he had done from former charges; but he was allowed neither time or opportunity to make his defence. On the morrow he was found dead in his bed, without any signs of violence on his body." However, that the Duke was murdered, was universally believed by all, and some scrupled not to declare their opinion of the Queen having sanctioned the dreadful deed.

Page 93, line 5.

While Suffolk's crimes, and Beaufort's art, Caused York t' assume an hostile part;

History gives us every reason to believe that the DUKE OF SUFFOLK was guilty of many crimes; and that he was concerned in the murder of the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, from every concomitant circumstance, we have too just reason to suppose; but that the DUKE OF SUFFOLK was a confirmed villain, it is impossible to believe, after the perusal of a letter of advice from him to his son, which contains every sentiment worthy of the christian, and the father. Let it be hoped, that the cruel death he

suffered, expiated his crimes. From one of those prophecies which, in that superstitious age, gained easy credence even with those, whose minds were most cultivated, the DUKE OF SUFFOLK hoped he should make his final escape from his enemies, after he had left the Tower, as he had been told, that, if he could escape the danger of the Tower, he would be safe; but when he found himself seized, on his passage to France, and learnt that the name of the ship in which he was, was the Nicholas of the Tower, his heart failed him. The Duke was dragged from the vessel into a boat; "and there was an axe and a stock, and one of the meanest of the ship bade him lay down his head, and took a rusty sword and smote off his head within half a dozen strokes, and took away his gown of russet, and his doublet of velvet mailed, and laid his body on the sands of Dover, and some say his head was set on a pole by it; and his men sit on the land by great circumstance, and pray."—Vide Original Letters. His body was taken from Dover sands and carried to the collegiate church of Wingfield, in Suffolk, where it lies interred under an altar tomb, in the chancel, with his effigy in armour, painted, gilt, &c. lying on it. It is

remarkably well executed, as is that of Alice, his wife, likewise, which lies at his right hand. The Duchess was daughter and heiress of Chaucer, the Poet. Edmund Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, succeeded to the post which Suffolk had enjoyed, and became prime minister and chief favorite of Margaret. He was the inveterate foe of the Duke of York, and sought, by every means, to work his ruin. Thus urged to the defensive, York retaliated; and at length, provoked at the indignities he had been treated with, during the last administration, and also, that he could not bend the King to his wishes, through the influence of the Queen and Somerset, he resolved to fly to arms, and claim his lineal right.

Page 93, line 9.

Just were his claims: but ne'er his right,
Had been the cause of deadly fight,
Had then the royal Henry been
Unbiassed, by his artful Queen;
Or Margaret been content to share,
With Mortmer's illustrious heir,
The kingdom's trust, and regal care.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, DUKE OF YORK, was descended from the third son of EDWARD THE THIRD, LIONEL, DUKE OF CLARENCE; and HENRY was descended only from the fourth son of EDWARD, JOHN, DUKE OF LANCASTER. Thus his claim was just; but it was the affronts which the DUKE OF YORK met with, which HENRY was too imbecile to prevent, that instigated him to assert his right. He was the heir of the House of Mortimer in right of his mother, and had Margaret permitted him to enjoy the title of Protector, according to the agreement made between the parties, it is most probable that the scenes of blood and horror, which so long dismayed the kingdom, would never have been witnessed.

Page 95, line 5.

Secure, within his fortress strong, Might noble York have tarried long.

The fate of the DUKE OF YORK cannot but present a striking lesson to every reflecting mind; he had nearly obtained the object of his ambition, when, through his

own rashness, death arrested him in his career, and laid his glory in the dust. York had enclosed himself in the castle of Sandal, and, had he there awaited the arrival of his son, who was gone into Wales to collect an army for his assistance, the Duke might have been victorious; but the Queen planted her force before the castle, and by her sneers and inuendoes, she overcame the prudence of the Duke; who, provoked and irritated, to convince her that he did not fear her power, rushed impetuously with his little army from the castle, and in that sally was slain.

Page 97, line 1.

Where Wakefield's plains, now peaceful, bear The produce rich of golden grain;

Dire was the combat, dire the fray."

Wakefield is a large well-built town in Yorkshire, and has a bridge over the river Calder, upon which stands a handsome chapel, built by EDWARD THE FOURTH, in memory of those who were slain in battle here; this

adorned with beautiful carving, which is greatly defaced; this chapel is now used as a warehouse for goods. In a field near Wakefield, was found, in the last century, a large antique gold ring, engraved upon the outside with the figures of three saints; and on the inside, in ancient characters, were the words pour bon amour. It is supposed to have belonged to RICHARD, DUKE OF YORK. Vide, "A Description of England and Wales."

Page 97, line 7.

And purple ran the Calder's wave;

Nor only on that signal day,

His the life stream of warrior brave,

Commixed with its translucent flood.

Wakefield was also the scene of bloodshed in the wars, during the reign, of the unfortunate Charles the First. On the right hand of the road from Wakefield to Sandal, there is a square plot of ground hedged in from a close; whereon (before the civil war between King Charles and the Parliament,) stood a cross of stone, where the Duke of York was slain.

Page 98, line 3.

On that same day, his blooming son,
RUTLAND, in youth's primeval pride,
His race of glory quickly run,
By CLIFFORD's treacherous dagger died.

The Earl of Rutland, the second son of the Duke of York, was sacrificed to the resentment of Lord Clifford after the battle; the young Earl was flying from the field with his Governor, when he was overtaken by the cruel Clifford, who plunged his dagger into his breast. Thomas, Lord Clifford, having been slain in the battle of St. Albans, by the Duke of York, this Lord Clifford swore he would not leave one branch of the York line standing.—Vide Rapin, and Leland Col.

Page 98, verse 22.

The Queen victorious, led her train,
Where Sandal's towers frowned o'er the plain

Sandal Castle, about two miles to the south by east

of Warren and Surry, in the reign of King Edward the Second; and near it was fought a battle between the families of York and Lancaster, on the 31st of December 1460; when Richard, Duke of York, and his son Edmund, Earl of Rutland, were slain. This castle was demolished in the year 1648.

Page 99, line 23.

Oft Cicely, of rank so high,
Had heaved, before, the anguished sigh;

For she could ne'er of battle hear, That wept she not, for kinsmen dear.

CICELY, DUCHESS OF YORK, was peculiarly unfortunate, in being allied to the chiefs of both the rival Houses. And from what may be gathered from the Original Letters, she knew little rest, during those tumultuous times; as, till her son Edward was placed on the throne, she seems to have been often moving to various parts of the kingdom. At the battle of St. Albans, fell

her cousin, the Duke of Somerset, and her brother-in-law Percy, Earl of Northumberland. At Wakefield, she was doomed to severer woe, in the loss of her husband and her son; and in several successive battles, she sustained the loss of many of her nearest and dearest friends. Thus, though in possession of the most valued blessings of this world,—rank, beauty, and wealth, yet was her cup of life mixed with bitterness: and the life of Cicely affords one of the grand subjects of morality, with which the history of those times, imperfect as it is, abounds.

Page 102, verse 1.

I)l suited it with Queenly power, Stern Margaret's cruelty;

Ill, indeed, did it accord with the character of a Queen, to wreak her vengeance on the dead; RICHARD could oppose her no more, it would therefore have been more consistent with the heroic tenor of her conduct, had she spared his manes. But MARGARET knew little of the softer feelings of her sex; and she caused the

head of the Duke of York to be severed from his body, and first borne on a spear to Sandal; where, crowned with paper, it was by her command, held before the window of the apartment where the widowed Cicely mourned the husband and the son she had lost: it was afterwards placed on the walls of York.

Page 103, line 6.

To Raby, were the dames conveyed.

The castle of Raby was a place of too high importance, at the period of civil warfare between the Yorkists and Lancastrians, to be slightly passed over; therefore, though before adverted to in a short note, the Author here begs leave to give some further particulars of this fabric; the residence of the ancestors of Cicely, Duchess of York, from whom descended all the Sovereigns, who, from that memorable era, to this period, have filled the throne of England.

"Raby castle is situated about one mile north from Staindrop, on the east side of an extensive park. This noble pile is indebted, for its splendor, to John de

NEVILL, EARL OF WESTMORELAND; who, in the year 1379, obtained a licence 'to make a castle of his manor of Raby, and to embattle and crenellate its towers, &c.' One part of the building, however, appears to be of more ancient date; and several alterations, though not particularly connected with its external form, have been made by different possessors. The general effect of the castle is uncommonly imposing; and its extent, grandeur, and preservation, are powerfully calculated to impress the mind with a vivid idea of the magnificence of the feudal ages.

"The situation of Raby castle is extremely fine, though not lofty: it occupies a rising ground with a rocky foundation, and is surrounded with an embrasured wall and parapet, inclosing about two acres of land. "Raby," says Leland, "is the largest castel of logginges in all the north country, and is of a strong building, but not set other on hill, or very strong ground. As I enterid by a causey into it, ther was a little stagne on the right honde; and in the first area were but two towres on a ech ende as entres, and no other builded: in the 2 area, as in entring, was a great gate of iren,

with a towr, and 2 or 3 mo on the right honde. Then were all the cheif towres of the 3 courts, as in the hart of the castel. The haul, and all the houses of offices, be large and stately; and in the haul I saw an incredible great beame of an hert. Ther is a towr in the castel, having the mark of two capitale B's from Bertram Bulmer; ther is another bearing the name of Jane, bastard sister to Henry the Third, and wife to Rafe Neville, the first Erl of Westmerland. Ther long 3 parkes to Raby; whereof 2 be plenished with deer: the middle park hath a lodge in it."

"The interior of the castle is distributed into a great number of apartments. The entrance hall is uncommonly grand; its vastness, and apparent stability, never failing to excite admiration: The roof is arched, and supported on six pillars, with capitals, diverging and spreading along the ceiling. Above the hall is another spacious apartment, ninety feet in length, thirty-six in height, and thirty-four in breadth. This room was the place where the ancient baronial festivals were celebrated; and 700 Knights, who held of the Nevilles, are recorded to have been entertained here at one time.

The west end is crossed by a stone gallery, whence the Minstrels poured forth their animating strains in the hours of revelry, or of dreadful preparation.

"Raby castle continued to be the grand residence of the Nevilles, till the reign of Elizabeth, when Charles, the sixth and last Earlof Westmoreland, of that family, engaged in a weak conspiracy to dethrone his Sovereign. Being obliged to abandon his country, he fled to the Netherlands, where he died a miserable exile, in 1584. His immense estates were declared forfeited; and, in the reign of James the First, were consigned, by grant, to certain citizens of London, for sale: of them the castle and demesnes of Raby, were purchased by Sir Henry Vane, Knt. from whom they have descended to the present noble possessor."—Vide the Description of the County of Durham, in the fifth volume of the "Beauties of England and Wales."

Page 104, line 1.

On Pomfret's scite of bloody fame.

Pontefract, commonly called Pomfret, is twenty-two

miles distant from York; it was originally called Kirkby, and its present appellation, which, in old French, signifies a broken bridge, was given it by the Normans, from a broken bridge near it, over the river Aire. It has the remains of a castle, fortified by the ancestors of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, who was beheaded by order of King Edward the Second. Richard the Second, after being deposed, was also murdered in this castle; likewise Anthony, Earl of Rivers, and Sir Richard Grey, were both murdered here by order of Richard the Third. And here, too, Richard, Earl of Salisbury, was beheaded, after being taken prisoner by Queen Margaret.

NOTES

TO

CANTO THE FOURTH.

Page 106, line 2.

Frowning over Conway's stream,

Since the above was written, the author has reperused the Poem, before alluded to in the same stanza, and discovered a line very similar to her own, which, however, had entirely escaped her recollection; as a long time

O

had elapsed since she read it. She begs to disclaim any intentional plagiarism, though, from the vast number of poets who have written, and still continue to add to the list of the votaries of verse, to produce any thing entirely original, is almost impossible, as minds, whose ideas are similar, are naturally apt to cloth them in corresponding language; of which, the author can produce a strong instance. On her first perusing the 'Lady of the Lake,' she was surprised, and she confesses, pleased, to find a line in it, of which, not only the sentiment, contained in it, but the words of the line were the same, almost verbatim, as one in a minor production of her own which she had composed before the 'Lady of the Lake' was published.

Page 115, line 1.

Few were the dames that could defy,
The radiance of Young EDWARD's eye;

EDWARD THE FOURTH is said to have been the handsomest man of his age; and his fine person, joined to most insinuating manners, rendered him an universal conqueror of the fair ones of his time.

Page 125, last line but one.

Swift passed they Snowdon's mountain high.

The author does not mean that EDWARD and his followers passed over the mountain, but near it; for in this part of the county are such a number of rocks and craggy places, and so many valleys, encumbered with woods and lakes, that they are not only impassable to an army, but even to men lightly armed. These mountains may be called the British Alps; they extend from north to south; one of them, named Snowdon hill, is much higher than the rest, but, having a top considerably broader, the difference in height is not very visible at a distance. The Welsh name for these mountains is Kreigicu Eryrew, and the lower parts of them are so fertile in grass, that it is a common saying among the Welsh, that the mountains of Ervrew would, in case of necessity, afford pasture enough for all the cattle in Wales.—Vide "Description of England and Wales."

Page 127, line 7.

So beauteous was the scene, and grand, That near pure Bala's frozen strand,

The Lake of Bala, or Pimblemeer, is a fine expanse of clear water; it is situated in a vale beneath the lofty Berwyn hills, which are celebrated in ancient superstitious legends, for having been the residence of Merlin, the reputed Magician.

Page 130, line 5.

For JASPER TUDOR, PEMBROKE hight, In arms, a famed and valorous knight, Against thee, MARGARET, has sent,

MARGARET hearing, as she was advancing towards London, that EDWARD began to move, detached JASPER TUDOR, EARL OF PEMBROKE, to oppose the new enemy, whom she did not imagine to be so strong as he was. The heir of YORK, being informed of the Queen's motion towards London, altered his course, and, instead of

going to meet her, took likewise the road to London, in order to prevent her. But having advice of the detachment sent against him, he did not think proper to come between the two armies, which must have happened, had he continued his rout. So, coming to a sudden resolution, he returned to meet the EARL OF PEMBROKE.—Rapin.

Page 130, last line.

'Ere long, by Mortimer's famed cross, The foes were met, the battle tried.

EDWARD met the EARL OF PEMBROKE, who was supported by James Butler, Earl of Ornord, with a body of Welsh and Irish, on the second of February 1461. This battle was fought near Mortimer's Cross, in Herefordshire; and, as Edward was much superior in mumber of troops, he easily defeated him and slew three thousand eight hundred of his men.—R.pin.

Page 131, line 3.

Then Owen Tudor's hapless fate,
Avenged the cause of Salisbury dead,

OWEN TUDOB, according to Hollingshead and Stow, was the father of the Earl of Pembroke; he was taken prisoner at Mortimer's Cross, and beheaded, with several others, in revenge for the Earl of Salisbury.

Page 132, line 1.

Treachery, the short-lived triumph gained.

MARGARET defeated the EARL OF WARWICK, at St. Albans, soon after the battle of Mortimer's Cross; for Lovelace, who commanded one of the wings of the army of the EARL OF WARWICK, either through treachery or some other cause, not engaging in time, victory declared for the Queen. She had the satisfaction to free the King, whom the EARL OF WARWICK would not venture to leave in London. The vanquished lest two thousand three hundred men, and no man of note among

them except SIR JOHN GREY, of Groby, first husband of ELIZABETH WOODVILLE, afterwards married to ED-WARD THE FOURTH.—Rapin and Hall.

Though the following letter contains nothing very interesting, and certainly nothing which relates to the subject of her Poem, the author ventures to present it to her readers as an original production of one of the most distinguished characters of the age he lived in; and, to the curious, every vestige of antiquity is valuable; it also, in the mention of "our Lady Walsingham," shews the superstition of those times. Oh! may this nation never relapse into those errors of bigotry and superstition, from which we have now long been free.

"To our right trusty, and well-beloved, John Paston, Esq.

" THE DUKE OF YORK.

"Right trusty and well-beloved, We greet you heartily well: and of your benevolence, aid, and tender love by you, at the instance and at the reverence of 1 s, to our right trusty and well-beloved in God, the Prior and Convent of the House of our Lady of Walsingham,

of our patronage, in such matters as they had ado (business) for certain livelyhood, by them claimed to belong unto the said house, favourably and tenderly shewed, as heartily as We can; We thank you. And desire and pray you of your good continuance. And as far as right, law, and good conscience will, to have in favourable recommendation, such persons as (have) been, or shall be, committed to take possession and seisin, in the name, and to the use of our full worshipful nephew, the Earl of Warwick, in, and of the manors and lordships of Bowles and Walcotes, with the appurtenances in Little Inoring, in the County of Norfolk, as our great trust is unto you. And God have you in his keeping.

" Given under our Signet, at our Castle of Sandal, the 19th day of August,

"R. York,"

" Sandal Castle, 19th
" of August, 1454 or 1455."

This letter of the DUKE OF YORK, written by his Secretary, with his title at the top, and in the Regal style, was most probably sent, when he was Protector of

the kingdom in 1454 or 1455. It is sealed on red wax, with his own signet, having the arms of France and England quarterly, and a label of three points argent, charged with nine torteauxes. The purport of the first part of it is, to thank John Paston, for some services done by him, in regard to some disputes which the Prior and Convent of Walsingham had had, relative to some estates.

The Image of our Lady of Walsingham, in Norfolk, was, in those days, and had been for ages, particularly resorted to by all ranks of people, from the king to the peasant, by foreigners as well as natives; and was held in the highest veneration for the various miracles, &c. ascribed to her.

This famous and wonder-working image was, however, in 1538, in the reign of King Henry the Eighth, brought to Chelsea and there burnt.

END OF VOL. I.

Great Queen exceet, Lincoln's Inn-Lields.



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